

Bitney, Mayme Riddle

Humorous Monologues

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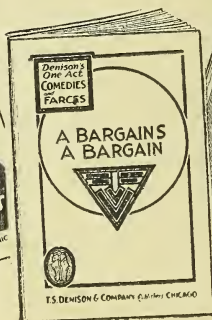
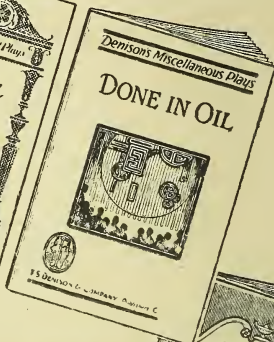
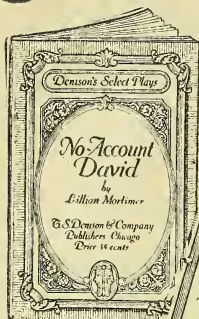
# HUMOROUS MONOLOGUES



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# Humorous Monologues

ORIGINAL MONOLOGUES DESIGNED FOR THE  
USE OF THE AMATEUR AND THE  
PROFESSIONAL MONOLOGIST

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PARTICULARLY SUITABLE FOR LADIES

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BY  
MAYME RIDDLE BITNEY

AUTHOR OF

*"Monologues, Grave and Gay," "Monologues for Young  
Folks," etc.*



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PUBLISHERS

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*Humorous Monologues*



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A FEW SUGGESTIONS REGARDING THE  
RENDITION OF THE FOLLOWING  
MONOLOGUES.

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The success of a monologue depends almost entirely upon the ability of the monologist to sink her own personality and *be* the character which she wishes to represent. By tone, manner, gestures, attitude and facial expression, she must bring to her audience a finished picture of the character she impersonates, a picture perfect not only in outline, but in detail.

The monologist must be a student of human nature and *know* the characters to be represented. Especially is this true in being able to bring out little humorous peculiarities of expression, accent, gesture and dialect. Most of the following monologues are intended to be humorous, but much of the humorous effect upon the audience rests in the manner in which they are presented. Characters must be brought out, as a general thing, in a bright, energetic manner, but not overdrawn. In some of the selections there is little call for dramatic action, the work resting mostly upon intonation, expression and general attitudes. In others, as "Before the Milliner's Mirror," one can do considerable acting, posing before the mirror, twisting, turning, indeed almost continuous action as she speaks.

Then, by intonation and inflection one must be

able to make her audience understand the unwritten lines of the conversation and sustain the dialogue in monologue form. All the included selections are intended to be given by only one person, though some are written in dialogue form to give the monologist a clearer conception of the conversation. In these selections, the impersonator has double and sometimes triple labor—there must be quick changes from one character to another and the parts must be so well sustained as to keep the characters clearly pictured to the audience. It is best not to attempt such monologues until one has had successful experience with the one-character selections.

In some monologues no extra costume is required; in others, as "Grandma's Photygraft Album," the selection is much more effective if the impersonator is dressed as an old-fashioned grandma. Costume can also be used effectively in "Aunt Jerusha's Visit to the City," a "Morning Call," and others. Some of the monologues, as "Miss Dorothy Entertains the Minister," and "Back in Squashville," can be given either by juveniles or by older girls, personating a child. "In Grandma's Day," "Algebra and class Parties" and "A Morning Ride" were written especially for girls past the juvenile age. Most of the others are intended for adults. "Assisting Uncle Joe," is intended to be given by an adult, impersonating the part of Teddy, as well as the two other characters. Some of the selections will be more appreciated by the audience if a few words of introduction are given by the monologist, stating where or under what conditions the scene takes place.

Few stage properties are required and those needed can easily be seen from the run of the selection.

As a last suggestion—be *natural* to the characters being impersonated, making the audience see, not the speaker, but the represented individual.



# HUMOROUS MONOLOGUES.

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## A MORNING CALL.

AUNT CAR'LINE THOMPKINSON *"runs in" to discuss the coming event of TILDY ANN'S marriage.*

AUNT CAR'LINE. Dear me, Tildy Ann, an' so you're goin' to be married next week. An' to a widower, too. I do hope you're doin' well an' will be happy. It seems like so many marriages do turn out bad nowadays that it most makes me 'fraid to see folks tie up any more. Now there was Henrietty Rawlins—she that married Jake Holcomb. I warned 'er 'bout Jake, but she wouldn't pay no heed. She fell in love with 'im 'cause he was sech a likely hand at talkin'—kep' 'er laughin' all the time. W'y, she said Jake could tell things so funny that it'd mos' make the tombstones in a graveyard die a laughin'. An' I jes' said, "How much does he ever earn a day a tellin' funny stories?" "Nothin', of course," she says, an' I says, "Wal, that'll go a long ways towards buyin' meals an' clothes after you're married." Poor girl, I gess she's found out it's true, fer Jake sets 'round town amusin' folks with funny stories, an' she ain't had a new dress fer two years.

An' so you're goin' to be married, Tildy Ann? Wal, I do hope you'll be savesome an' not waste things. I think a wasteful wife mus' be awful wearin' on a man. Now there's my nephew, John

Russell. He was out here to see me a couple a years ago an' he says to me, says he, "Oh, Aunt Carline, I'm goin' to marry the nicest girl you ever see, an' perty as a picter. All that's a worryin' me is that I can't afford to give 'er all the nice things she's used to havin' at home. W'y, she spends a thousand dollars a year on 'er dresses." Wal, that was too much fer me an' I jes' says, says I, "Nephew John, it ain't none of my bizness, but I'll give you my ideas 'bout it. If she spends a thousand dollars a year on 'er dresses I'd marry 'er dressmaker." But he didn't, he married that spendsome girl an' I've heerd that he's mos' worried to death tryin' to keep 'er in money.

An' so you're goin' to marry a widower, Tildy Ann? I do hope he'll think a lot of you an' not allus be a moonin' round 'bout his ferst wife. That reminds me of Sallie Newberry. She said that if she ever was to marry a widower she'd git one that had bin real mean to his ferst wife, 'cause she'd allus noticed that the meaner a man hed bin to his ferst wife the better he'd be to his second one to sort of make up fer it. Somehow I never did take much fancy to widowers—but mebbe this feller you're goin' to git is all right. Now, widows is diff'rent—it does beat all how sort of attractive most of 'em be an' how many chances they has to git married agin. That makes me think of Simon Jessup, over to Loontown. Soon as Angeline Barlow lost 'er husban' Simon made up his mind he'd try an' git 'er, but he didn't want to be too hasty, so he made up his mind he'd wait awhile till she sort of got over her spell of feelin's fer her husban' some an'—what you s'pose? Ferst thing he knowed Angeline was married to Jim Polley, an' Simon, he says, "Wal, I've lernt one thing—when you take a shine to a widder don't set roun' an' wait fer 'er to fergit 'er

ferst man, fer while yer waitin' some other feller'll walk off with the widder."

I s'pose you're real glad, Tildy Ann, that it's all settled 'bout your weddin' and so forth. I heerd quite a while ago that this feller was comin' to your house, but some said they didn't know whether he was after you er your mother. Yes, your mother's real young lookin' an' peart fer 'er years an' a great worker. Now, that remin's me of Isaac Harris when he was courtin' Lizy Barlow. He'd bin goin' there fer quite a spell an' at las', one night, he asked Lizy to marry 'im. An' Lizy, she said she was willin', but he'd hev to ask 'er mother ferst. So Isaac he went out in the tother room where 'er mother was an' talked quite a spell an' bimeby he come back a lookin' real contint, an' says he, "Wal, Lizy, I asked yer mother like ye said I should." "An' what'd she say?" says Lizy. "Wal," says Isaac. "she accepted me an' we're goin' to be married in two weeks." I gess Lizy was quite cut up 'bout it, but she healed 'er sorrers by takin' Lem Watkins soon after—an' made a better match'n 'er mother did, too.

That's real perty lace you're a knittin', Tildy Ann. I s'pose it's to trim up some yer trossey-o with. I allus did think that knit lace is han'sum an' it's terrible wearin'. My sister's stepdarter over to Stebbin's Corners is an awful hand to knit lace—w'y, 'er father says she's so used to knittin' that if she ain't got nothin' else to knit she'll knit 'er brows. I s'pose you hev got mos' your sewin' done up? Done much hemstitchin' er jes' plain hemmin'? You don't say? Even hem-stitched your sheets an' pilly-slips? Wal, they look nice, but my niece down to Redfield sent me some hem-stitch ones an' I don't see as we sleep no better in 'em than in common machine-sewed ones. I tell Hiram that he snores jes' as loud in the one as he does in the others.

I do hope, Tildy Ann, that this here widower of

yourn has got real good health. What? Troubled some with dyspepsy? La, that is too bad. My, I ruther live with a tombstone than a dyspeptik man, 'cause even though tombstones is dreatful melancholy they're likewise silent an' uncomplainin'. Now, that reminds me of Sarah Jane Porter. Some one asked 'er the tother day how she was gettin' along an' she said she was troubled mos' to death with the dyspepsy. "W'y," the new ministér's wife says to 'er, "you don't look a bit as if yer troubled with dyspepsy." "Oh," says Sarah Jane, says she, "I'm only troubled with it when I'm to home—it's my husban' that's got it."

Yes, I do think it's real nice, Tildy Ann, that you're goin' to git settled down in life—you're sure old enough an' I've allus said that you're an awful good girl if you ain't got no great killin' amount of beauty. An' I mus' say I ain't never et no better fruitcake than you make, Tidy Ann, though it won't do you much good as long as your man's a dyspeptik an' I s'pose can't eat cake.

Wal, they's one good thing 'bout it—I heerd he ain't got no children left to home to worry you inter your grave. I allus said no girl a mine should wear 'erself out bein' a stepmother an' you're so easy, Tildy Ann, that they'd walk over you awful. An' I hope your husban', when you git 'im, will continue to "make" of you—it seems like men are dreatful indiff'rent, lots of 'em, to their wives now days. What'd you s'pose? Mary Harmon, that married that city feller, said she's goin' to begin waitin' on 'er husban' at table 'cause mebbe if she was waitin'-girl he'd flirt with 'er. Ain't that dreatful? Wal, I mus' be goin'. I jes' run in not expectin' to stay this mornin', but I'm comin' over and set the afternoon 'fore the weddin' so's to hear 'bout things. You can depend, I'm one your best well-wishers. Tildy Ann.



## LOOKING AFTER THE BABY.

SCENE: *A parlor, in which a VASSAR GIRL receives a caller and looks after her sister's baby.*

VASSAR GIRL. Of course, dear Evelyn, go right along to your club meeting. I shall be delighted to look after the baby. What? You are afraid something will happen to the darling? As if I, a Vassar graduate, am not capable of caring for an eighteen-months-old child a couple of hours. Fie on you, Evelyn, for having so little confidence in your accomplished sister. What? Taking care of a baby is very different from getting a lesson in Greek? Oh, certainly, but I am sure babies are not more wearing on the constitution than are Greek verbs. Besides, my dear sister, you must remember I know something about babies—I was a baby once myself. Why, certainly, I'll keep my eye on her all of the time—both eyes, in fact. Do put on your wraps and hie away to your club. No, I haven't anything else to do this afternoon and am perfectly willing to devote myself to the care of your precious cherub. What? Give her a quarter of a cup of boiling water—mercy, let her drink it boiling hot? Oh, you hadn't finished your directions? Pardon me. Oh, I understand—one-fourth of a cup of boiling water in three-fourths of a cup of milk? Certainly—and not give her any cake or sweetmeats? No, of course not—they are perilous to an infant's health.

Now go on to your meeting—you know it is not stylish to be too late. What? Do not walk the

floor with her if she cries? No, she is getting too heavy to walk the floor with—I prefer to rock her. Yes, it surely is sad that the nurse has to be away this afternoon, but I am quite capable of taking her place. Good-bye. Yes, go on. Dear me, if it ever does happen that I have a child of my own I hope I shall not be as fussy over it as Evelyn is over this baby. (*To the baby.*) There, now, she is going to be Auntie's dear little honey sweetness, isn't she, and not do anything naughty while its mamma is gone? Does little tootsey-wootsey darling want to look at this pretty book? Baby look at bookie while Auntie writes a letter—that's a goody girlie. Oh, my, no, you must not touch the ink. No, no, baby—can't you understand that is ink and will spoil the baby and the carpet and everything? Here, sweetheartie, you play with this funny ball. That is right—now Auntie can write a letter. There goes the bell. I wonder if it is a caller? No, no, baby, do not touch that paper knife—you will put out one of your itsey-bitsey eyes. (*Addresses as if someone entered.*) Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Gillette. I am glad to see you. Take this easy chair. My sister has gone to a club meeting, the nurse has gone to a funeral—the third time that particular aunt has died, I'm positive—and I am taking care of the baby. But she is the best little tot in the world and no trouble at all—oh, petsey, don't pull those books down. No, no, mustn't! Here, come see Auntie's watch. (*Action as if showing watch to baby.*) Yes, Mr. Gillette, this is delightful weather and I am glad to be here to enjoy it. Yes, I am relieved to be through college—though, of course, I had no end of—no, no, darling, you can't take Auntie's watch off. No, no, Auntie is afraid you will break it. Yes, Mr. Gillette, I went to hear the lecture on Savonarola—it was very good, so comprehensive and intellectual. I think—oh, no, little baby, mustn't try to climb on

that chair. You will fall. Here, take Auntie's pocketbook. Such a nice pocketbook. And how are you getting along with your entomology, Mr. Gillette? Oh, how interesting! Do you know, I saw a bug the other day that made me think of you—oh, dear me, no, I don't mean it looked like you—but it was so queer looking that I wondered if you were acquainted with it. It was—bless me, that precious baby has the ink! No, no, lovey, don't—oh, there it goes down her dress and on the carpet. Evelyn will think I am a poor baby tender. Here, Auntie will take it up with this blotter. No, of course, she isn't naughty, Mr. Gillette, she is only of a bright, investigating turn of mind and wants to explore things. Now, little darling must sit on the rug and play with Auntie's money—put it all in a nicey-nice row. There, that's a sweet little lady. What were you saying about constitutional improvement in Russia, Mr. Gillette? Oh, indeed! Do you know I want to do some more work in sociology. I think the modern industrial and social inequalities are very—oh, heavens, that darling baby has some money in her mouth. Spit it out, baby. Spittie nassy money out—dear me, she is choking! What shall we do? Hold her with her head down so the money will fall out? You hold her up, Mr. Gillette, and I'll pat her on the back. Oh, there, it's out! Oh, you little precious (*pretends to hug baby*), you most scared Auntie to death. There, there, don't cry. Auntie will by-by the little honey-sweetness. (*Rocks back and forth in chair, action as if holding baby.*)

Oh, I read such an interesting article on the Delphinorhynchus yesterday, Mr. Gillette. I am sure you would be interested in—what is it babykins? What does the 'tittle girlie want? What are you saying? Oh, of course! Me-e-e-e means milk. The little pet is hungry of course. If you will just ring the bell, please, Mr. Gillette. Thank you. (*Addresses*

*as if maid entered.*) Mary, bring me one-fourth of a cup of milk in—now what did Evelyn say? Was it one-fourth of a cup of milk and three-fourths water or—which do you think you should give the more of, Mr. Gillette, milk or water? What? will *(Laughs.)* If I am like the modern milkman I'll use more water than milk? No, I remember now, Evelyn said one-fourth water and three-fourths milk—boiling water, Mary. Yes, we went to the play at the Grand Theater the other night. I don't wonder it has been so successful. Mr. Wingate said that—oh, here comes the milk for Auntie's girlie. Thank you, Mary. *(Action as if holding cup for baby to drink.)* Did I ever tell you, Mr. Gillette, about the time we played that dreadful prank on our Latin professor? No? Well, we were—there, dollie, the milk is all gone-gone. Baby go play with the blocks now. Well, we were put out because we had to do extra work on a Latin essay when we wanted to—oh, goodness gracious—if that little dove hasn't fallen off the chair. *(Runs and makes as if picking baby up.)* There, there, there—don't cry! Did um hurt um's dear little headie? Never mind, Auntie will love her baby. *(Walks back and forth, action as if rocking baby in her arms and sings to the tune of "Webb":)*

Oh, Auntie's little darling is almost, almost dead, She fell off on the floorie and nearly broke her head.

Oh, must you go, Mr. Gillette? I am ever so glad you called, but I fear you have not appreciated having such a dose of baby tending. Oh, thank you! Good afternoon. There, there, Auntie's baby. Go to sleepie.

## MRS. SNODGRASS READS THE LOCALS.

MRS. SNODGRASS. Now, paw, ain't you most ready to set down an' listen to the paper? What's that? Where's your slippers? Fer mercy sakes, Hiram Snodgrass, where'd you s'pose they be? They ain't never bin any place when you wanted 'em but settin' right in that chimbly corner fer nine years. If you had some wives, Hiram Snodgrass, you'd haf to ask where they was an' haf to hunt fer 'em, too, but I ain't that kind, to let things lay round helter-skelter, hitter-miss. A place fer ev'rything an ev'rything in its place, is my motto. Now, you ready to listen? What? Where's the footstool? Now, you don't s'pose it's down cellar in the churn, do you, Hiram? Can't you see it settin' right under that winder shelf, where it's bin settin' ev'ry since we got married? What? You're ready to listen now? All right. I s'pose you want the locals first. (*Reads in a slow, monotonous tone:*)

Jonas Bardell is wearing a broad smile nowadays, caused by the arrival of a new son, who came to his house last week.

Wearin' a broad smile, indeed! Mebbe he is, but I bet his wife ain't, fer this makes their seventh, an' the last one's only—lemme see—(*thinks*). What 'm I stoppin' fer? I'm jes' figgerin' up how old that las' baby of Bardell's is. It was las' June that Cousin Susan Tucker's stepmother was here from Pennsylvanie, wa'n't it? Um—hum—wal, then that las' one's only twenty-one months old. An' now poor Mary Bardell's got anuther to take keer of, an'

them poor as church mice. Seems like things don't git divided up very even in this world—there was Hanson's folks, with plenty of money to pervide fer theirs, that's lost the only baby they had, an' here's them poor Bardells got their seventh—it's jes' like the Bible says, to them that hath shall be given more an' to them that ain't got nuthin'll be took away what they've got. Humph, if Jonas Bardell's a grinnin' over that baby I should think he'd be 'shamed to let anybody find it 'out! Yes, I'm goin' to read some more—lan', you're so impatient, Hiram. (*Reads:*)

Henry Hosmer is entertaining a visitor this week in the shape of a Job's comforter on the back of his neck.

What? No, it ain't Job anybody that's a visitin' there—it's 'a bile on Henry's neck. Yes, it said a visitor, but it's a Job's comferter—don't you know them biles that's in the Bible that they call Job comforts? (*Louder.*) No, Hiram, it didn't say that anybody's visitin' there—it's only a bile that Henry's got. He's got it in the neck. What? A dum fool way to write it up? Wal, I didn't do it, an' I s'pose editors has to have some fun once in a while. (*Reads:*)

There will be a Necktie Social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Hopkins on Wednesday evening of next week. Each lady is invited to bring a gentleman's necktie to be sold, and lunch for two. Everybody come.

Oh, now, Hiram, le's go to that. You don't want'er? All dum foolishniss? Wal, now, you kin stay to hum if you want'er, but I'm goin'. What you s'pose I got that new green dress fer? To hang in the closit an' keep nice? Oh, you didn't want me to git it? Wal, I got it, an' now I'm goin' to wear it—what'd you s'pose I had three dollars' worth a white trimmin' spread over fer if I wasn't



fixin' up to go out in compny? La, Hiram, who'd you s'pose'll git my necktie an' eat supper with me? What? You hope it'll be that Jim Hawks, that stutters so he can't say nuthin'? Wal, I don't. I hope it'll be the new clerk in Simpson's, that sings in the choir—my, he's got the most languishin', meltin' eyes I ever did see. If you don't go the feller that gits my necktie'll haf to see me hum. What? You intend to go? Wal, you shall see, Hiram, that they won't be no stylisher-lookin' woman there than me, what with my new dress an' the big black bow in my hair. What? You think that bow looks like a cabbage set on the top my head? Lan' sakes, Hiram, where'd you ever see a black cabbage? Jes' cause you're gittin' bald you needn't be mad cause I kin do my hair up so stylish. Yes, I'm goin' to read on. (*Reads:*)

The handsome new monument of Scotch granite, ordered by Mrs. Leander Pearson to grace the last resting place of her late husband, was set up last week and is one of the finest stones in the county.

Oh, Susan Tucker was tellin' me 'bout that the other day! She said it's a dreadful han'some stone an' cost a thousan' dollars. An' what you s'pose? When ev'rybody knows how glad she was to get rid of that cross, stingy old Pearson, so's she could be free to spend his money, she went an' had 'em say on the monymment, "The light of my life has gone out," an' now he's only bin dead three months an' she's tryin' to strike anuther match. It does jes' beat all how some widders carry on. (*Reads:*)

Thomas Plenty is remodeling his house and will add a portico to the front, while a fine cupola will adorn the roof.

Humph! A lot of style, an' them no better off'n lots of other folks! What? Yes, a portyco—sort of a piazzzy to set in an' watch folks go by while you read the paper er do the mendin'. I s'pose Betsy

Plenty'll set out there an' show off 'er fine clothes. What was the other? A cupylo—kind of a coop built up on the roof—tain't good fer nuthin'—they're jes' puttin' it on fer style. It makes me tired how some folks try to put on. I think you might let me have that bay winder built on, Hiram, that I've teased two years fer. Can't I find any more to read? Course I kin. Listen to this. (*Reads:*)

A marriage license has been granted to Jasper Meadows of Podunk and Miss Laura Dusenberry of this village.

Now, ain't that the beatinest thing? Why? I should think you'd ask why. You know that Laura Dusenberry can't keep house no more'n a kitten. They say she can't even boil water without a burnin' it. She's awful pretty? Wal, I guess he'll find that bein' pretty don't cook meals an' clean up a house—but that's all the sense men has. They marry a girl 'cause she's pretty an' kin giggle, without stoppin' to think how it'll seem to live on soggy bread an' wear clothes that never gits mended. Many a man's bin fooled by gittin' a pretty girl. What's that? You wish you'd a married a purty one? Fer shame on you, Hiram Snodgrass—there wasn't a better-lookin' girl in these parts than I was when we was married. You can't remember it? W'y, Hiram Snodgrass, have you forgot how I won a nice photygraph album fer bein' the best-lookin' girl at the Squashville fair? An' have you forgot how the preacher said we'd a bin the han'somest couple he ever married if you'd only bin good lookin'? Ain't I goin' to read any more? Course I be. (*Reads:*)

Mrs. Jemima Bigger of Nampa, Idaho, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eli Winters of this city.

W'y, that mus' be she that was Jemima Hooker, that used to teach school round here an' married



Joseph Bigger, with five little Biggers, when his wife had only bin dead six months. I'll have to go over an' call on 'er. What? You're goin', too? You used to be sweet on 'er? Lan' sakes, I do remember now how you went with 'er one winter—awful homely girl an' dreadful shif'less. What? Best-natured girl you ever went with? How kin you say such a thing an' me a settin' right here, alive an' well? If I was dead an' gone it would be diff'rent. Nice way to use me—me, the lovin'ist an' meekist wife you ever had. What? You never had any but me? Wal, I tell you right now, you'll never git to have anuther—me havin' sech good health an' all the Snodgrasses bein' kinder short-lived. Though you needn't think that I'm wantin' you to die, Hiram, even if I do look awful becomin' in black. Go on readin'? Mercy sakes, how savage you be! I'm sure I'm readin' as fast as I kin. (*Reads:*)

Rev. John Manning, for several years the popular pastor of the Methodist Church, has resigned his present connections and will accept a call to Newberry.

Wal, do tell! I am surprised! I s'posed he'd stay here till ev'rybody died off. Popular pastor! Humph! Didn't anybody like 'im. What? You did? Then what did you allus go to sleep in church fer an' most fall offen the seat sometimes? You did, too! Wal, I'm glad he's goin', an' I'll bet all the rest the church is, too. Oh, here's somebody comin.' Why, it's Mr. Manning. Come in, Brother Manning. Have this rocker. We's jes' sayin' how bad folks'll feel to have you leave, an' what a pity it is you're goin'.

MISS DOROTHY ENTERTAINS THE  
MINISTER.

SCENE: *The parlor.*

*Discovered, DOROTHY receiving the minister.*

MISS DOROTHY. Good afternoon; come right in and have a chair—no, not that one, 'cause the spring's broke at one side and it sags so it most makes you seasick to rock in it. Oh, yes, mamma is home, but she ain't got fixed up yet. She had to make so much good stuff to eat 'cause you are goin' to be here to supper that she only just began to get dressed up a few minutes ago.

She told pa she jus' didn't know what to have for supper, an' pa said to have deviled ham, an' deviled eggs, an' devil's food, 'cause they've got such wicked names that mebbe you wouldn't eat 'em, an' there'd be more left. Oh, yes, we're all pretty well, thank you. Mamma had a real bad headache yesterday afternoon, but that was because she didn't want to have to go to missionary meeting.

Um-hum; of course I read the Bible, an' I know lots of Bible verses, an' mamma tells us things an' then asks us questions. I can answer lots of them, an' oh, pa knows some the funniest answers to some of them. Mamma asked me what terrible calam'ty happened to Adam in the Garden of Eden an' pa he said it was that the Lord made 'im a wife. It makes mamma hoppin' mad when he says things like that. Say, I know a Bible conundrum, "Who was the first man in the meat market business?" W'y,

can't you answer that? It's awful easy. Adam, when he furnished the Lord a spare rib. An' say, s'pose you'd wake up in the night an' find a great big thief stealin' your silver, what book of the Bible would you say to 'im? Hum, can't you answer that? W'y, you'd say, "Lev-it-u-cus." What? You think that's wicked? W'y, how can anything be wicked when it's out of the Bible?

Oh, my, yes, I know a lot of the Bible stories—'bout Joseph in the pit, an' Jonah in the whale, an' Dan'el in the lions' den. Oh, say, las' summer when I went to Madison to the circus with Uncle Will we saw a man in the parade riding in a cage with some lions, an' I said, "Oh, Uncle Will, there's Dan'el in the lions' den, ain't it?" An' Uncle Will said yes, an' I said, "Is the Lord keepin' the lions' mouths shut to-day, too?" an' Uncle Will said he didn't have to keep 'em shut any more, 'cause Dan'el was so old an' tough now that the lions couldn't eat 'im if they wanted to.

I hope you aren't gettin' tired of waitin'. I guess mamma will be down pretty soon. Pa says she ought to live over in Africa where they don't wear clothes, 'cause it takes her so long to get dressed up. I don't think she'll dress up very nice to-day, though, 'cause she doesn't want you to think we can give very much to the church. She said she was goin' to have you come to visit this week before we get our new leather couch an' Brussels rug.

What? W'y, yes, of course I say my prayers, only I don't make mine up in my head the way you do yours. I learn mine. I know two, an' one of 'em's so long that some nights mamma has to shake me to keep me awake till I get to the end of it. Mary, our cook, has a prayer that's awful short. One night we had so much company that I had to sleep with 'er, an' when she got 'er nightgown on she jus' sat down on the edge of the bed an' said,

"Lord, I'm tired." Wasn't that nice an' short? But mamma won't let me do that way. She makes me kneel down an' say a great long one.

What's that? Mebbe I better tell mamma you're here? Oh, she knows it, 'cause she saw you comin' down by the corner jus' when she was goin' to get fixed up. She said it was jus' like you to come so early. Oh, dear, I do jus' wish it was supper time, 'cause we're goin' to have so many good things to eat. We've got two kinds of cake, only mamma said she hoped you wouldn't take any of the white kind, 'cause she had bad luck with it. Oh, she's comin' now. (*To MOTHER.*) Here's the minister, mamma, an' he hasn't got a bit tired waitin' for you, 'cause I talked to him all the while, jus' as nice as I could.

## GRANDMA'S PHOTYGRAFT ALBUM.

SCENE: *An old-fashioned parlor.*

*Discovered, GRANDMA entertaining a caller.*

GRANDMA. La, yes, Mis' Sturgis, I mus' show you my photygraft album, bein' as how you're new here an' ain't never saw it. (*Brings album.*) I do set a awful store by this album. It's a gettin' along in years, same as myself, but it looks fair to middlin' yet, though it oughter, seein' what good care I've took of it. Now this first picter is Cousin Lemuel Jenkins. Ain't he sad-lookin', though? I've often said to Hezekiah, says I, "A graveyard's a real cheerful companion to what Cousin Lemuel is." An' he's never no diff'rent—weddin's, dances er fun'rals, he is allus jes' so gloomy. What made 'im that way? Wal, I was jes' a goin' to tell you. 'Twas 'cause he was crosst in love. My, it's queer how diff'rent it affects diff'rent folks, bein' crosst in love. Some it affects cross-wise an' some it affects otherwise. Now, there was Si Harmon, he was crosst in love 'bout the same time Lemuel was, but he jes' chirked up an' danced harder'n ever an' got anuther girl an' was married inside a three months, but Lemuel jes' sorter give up an' ain't never grinned more'n two er three grins sence it happened. Yes, it's like the poet says:

Of all sad words that ever was sed,  
The saddest is these, he couldn't git wed  
Unto the woman that he wan-ted.

Didn't Lemuel ever git married to nobody else?

Massy sakes, what woman do you s'pose would have sech a piece a melancholy settin' by her fireside? An' this is Uncle John Benson, on my mother's side. Awful good man he was, but slow—lan', you never knew anybody so slow as Uncle John was. His wife uster push an' pull an' try to hurry 'im, but didn't do no good. He was a awful trial to 'er, she bein' spry as a cricket. Once they was to be a fun'ral an' she says, "Now, John, I'm goin' to do up my work an' git ready an' go, an' you can come when you git round to it." So she does up the dishes an' reds up the house an' puts on 'er fun'ral clothes an' starts on a foot, they bein' but a mile from the church. Wal, the fun'ral was had an' folks got their rigs an' started fer the cemytery, an' still no Uncle John. Aunt Sabriny, his wife, got a ride in with somebody, an' when they was more'n half ways to the graveyard she seed Uncle John come tearin' along the road with his horse on a gallop, tryin' to ketch up with the percession. My, she was dreatful mortyfied, but Uncle John sed he was glad of a chance to look at the coffin 'fore it was laid away.

Now this next is Cousin Emmeline Bates, on my father's side. She's allus bin awful lucky. Her father said she shouldn't never git married till she feathered 'er nest good, so she married a merchant over to Taylerville, an' they're dreatful well off. One their girls is a opery singer—she's bin to Boston an' Germeny an' all round learnin' to sing, an', my, she trills an' quivers an' goes way up, an' you can't understand a word she says she sings so lovely.

An' this next one is my sister Mary. You think she's nice lookin'? Yes, she was the pick of the family fer looks all right. She was dreatful high-strung, too—things allus had to come her way. She was the beatinest girl you ever seen fer wantin' to be at the head of things and sorter take the lead.

If any the rest the folks did something a little extry she allus wanted to try an' do something a little smarter. After she was married 'twas jes' the same, an' finally Cousin Ellen Dean had twins, an' she says to Mary, says she, "Wal, I've got you beat, Mary. You ain't got twins, anyhow." Wal, all the folks made such a fuss over them twins, bein' as they was the first ones in the family on either side, an' Mary she felt real beat—both her children bein' only single ones—an' what you s'pose she done? Had triplets! Yes, sir, an' all of 'em lived. I never see anyone so proud in my life as she was to beat Ellen that way. Be they all alive yet? Yes, an' Mary ain't got over bein' proud of 'em to this day.

This here one is my mother's youngest sister, Sophrony. Yes, she's cross-eyed. W'y, she was the crotest-eyed person I ever seen in my livin' life. An' she was jes' as brave as she was cross-eyed. If you'll believe it, once she heerd somebody downstairs when she was home all alone, an' she got the pistol—one them ol' horse pistols—an' went down, an' there was two tramps a huntin' round fer val-u'bles. What'd she do? Wall, she jes' raised t'ie pistol an' told 'em if they moved she'd kill 'em deader'n they had ever bin before in their lives—an' she was so cross-eyed they couldn't possible tell which one of 'em she was lookin' at, an' each of 'em thought she was lookin' right at him, so they dasen't neither one of 'em move. An' if she didn't make 'em walk right inter a closet they was there an' shet the door an' keep 'em pris'ners till her men folks come home. Yes, she was terrible brave an' terrible cross-eyed.

Now this is a likeness of Hezekiah's second cousin on his mother's side. Poor man, he had a awful sad lot. He went to heaven by fire, as it were. No, he wasn't exactly burnt to death—he was a missernery



to the Canniber Islands an' them terrible meat-eatin' savages cooked 'im an' et 'im up. Wasn't that sad? I've heerd that folks'll git to be like the stuff they eat, an' I should think that some them cannibers would git to be misserneries 'fore long if that's true.

Now this one is my brother William. He's real well off an'—what you s'pose? His son Henry has got one them automobileels. When I was there visitin' las' summer nuthin' would do but I mus' have a ride in it, an' I never thought I'd git out alive. W'y, my bunnit stood straight up on one corner an' Henry says to me, "Take it off, Aunt Jane, an' carry it er you may lose it." So I took it off, but I says, "Nephew Henry, I wouldn't keer much if I was to lose this bunnit, 'cause it's six years old now, but if I was to lose off my four-dollar hair switch I'd never fergive you." My suz, I don't like to go scootin' long so fast you can't see anything by the roadside. Now Hezekiah an' me, when we go 'long, want to see who's got washin's out an' how craps are lookin' an' who's keepin' their front lawns mowed down nice an' how the flower beds look an' all sech things, but in one of them automobileels, what with goin' like lightnin' an' hangin' onter your belong-in's an' prayin' that you won't git killed, you don't git no idee of the scen'ry.

Now this next is—what? You got to go, Mis' Sturgis? Wal, I'm real sorry you can't stay an' see all my likenesses, but you'll be in agin an' we can finish lookin' at 'em. Yes. I'm dreatful glad you did. Yes. Good-by.



## RESULTS OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

YOUNG MRS. NEWBERRY *enters room as if laden with packages.*

YOUNG MRS. NEWBERRY. Oh, dear me, I do hope I am home at last—loaded down like a Christmas tree. I must look like a walking department store with all these packages. Why, I'm just tired out. (*Pretends to put the packages on table and sinks into a chair.*) Why didn't I stay all day? Shame on you, Jack, to say mean things! I hurried just as fast as I could and I have only been gone four hours. What do I intend to do with all these bundles? Why, they're Christmas presents for my relations and friends. You must know that it is nearly Christmas—or you would if you were not so taken up with your business that you don't think of anything else. You think I have packages enough here so they can all have two or three a piece? Hum, you must think, Jack, that I am dreadfully destitute of relations and friends. Perhaps you take me to be "Mary, the Friendless Orphan." Have I got one for you? Ye-es, no-o—I don't know! I'll have to see if there is anything suitable for you among them when I look them over. Don't I buy whatever present I want to give to each person? Why, no—what a stupid way! I buy things that look pretty in the stores and then decide afterward whom I shall give them to. You bet I've got a lot of fool things that nobody will care for? My dear husband, because you were a poor bargain is no reason why I should

continue to get foolish things. What? You want to see what I have bought? Well, dear, just wait till I get my things off and I will show you what a splendid hand I am to do Christmas shopping. (*Action as if taking hatpins out of hat, removing it and putting pins back in, lays it on table, takes off coat and throws it over a chair.*)

Now let me see, what is 'this? (*Pretends to unwrap package.*) Oh, yes, these are handkerchiefs. Aren't they lovely ones? I got them at a bargain, too—only paid ninety-seven cents for one-dollar handkerchiefs. Who are they for? Oh, I don't know yet, but they're awfully sensible to buy, because they are appropriate for everyone and no one ever has too many of them. I'd like to keep them myself—they're so dainty. And now this (*unwrapping package*) is the sweetest thing. (*Holds it up.*) Isn't it a jewel? You don't see any jewel—nothing but a spoon? Of course, it is a spoon—a solid sterling souvenir spoon. Who is it for? Oh, hum-m-m-m, I guess for Cousin Jessica, or else for Blanche, or Aunt Althea. I'd just like to keep it myself, it is such a sweet pattern. Now this is—oh, yes, this is a collar—blue silk, white chiffon and real lace—isn't it dear? You don't know the price, but you suppose it was dear? Now that is just like you, Jack, to think I always pay dear for things. I suppose you never do. What? You paid dear for me? In what way, I should like to ask, sir? Oh, when you gave the preacher twenty-five dollars to marry us. (*Laughs.*) Well, you were silly to pay so much, I am sure. I think I shall give this collar to Cousin Marie—no, she is too dark for this shade of blue. I'll give it to (*thinks*)—oh, I'll decide on someone when I make out my list. Here is (*unwraps and holds up*)—now isn't this a sweet silver bonbon dish? You haven't tasted it? Dear me,

Jack, how disagreeable you are to-night. Have you been losing money in stocks again to-day to make you so cross? I think I shall send this to Aunt Sarah, she has so few real pretty things. What? They are so poor they never can afford bonbons for in it? Well, she can put—oh, she can put cheese in it then. What? You think she will use it to keep her thread and buttons in? Why, that is quite a good suggestion! You do have bright ideas occasionally, don't you, dear? Now this (*unwrapping it carefully*) is something awfully cute. A smoker's set. I wanted it the minute my eyes rested on it. You didn't know I smoked? Oh, I don't mean I wanted it for myself—only to buy it. I shall give this to Uncle Jerry. He doesn't smoke any more? Oh, bless me, I had forgotten that he swore off when he was sick two years ago. Hum-m-m-m-m, I'll give it to Cousin Ned. He doesn't smoke, either? That's funny! He is president of the Y. M. C. A.? Well, what of that? I've known ministers who smoked. Anyway, I can give it to the butler—of course, I must give him a present. What? He smokes enough of your cigars now without his having this for a further excuse? Well, I shall give it to Albert Montague—he gave me a beautiful book last Christmas. You won't have me giving him a present? Why not—just because he was in love with me before I married you? You think it would be more appropriate if I gave him the spoon I bought? Hum-m-m-m-m, he isn't a spoon—at least he didn't spoon with me—not much, anyway. How would I like it if you gave Carrie Meredith a present? What, that silly, simpering, designing Carrie Meredith? The idea—you better give her one! You always were foolish over her—what? You want to see what else I bought? I don't wonder you want to change the subject. Well (*unwraps*), here is a

penknife. Isn't it a beauty? You think it isn't nice to give a knife for a Christmas present? Why not, pray? Because it cuts friendship in two? Oh, if that is so I'll let you have this to send to Carrie Meredith, seeing you are so determined to give her a present. You don't want it? Well, that is kind, for I intend to send it to Amy Potter, who is in high school and, of course, needs a pretty knife.

You think I might have bought something for you? Oh, I did come near getting something—the loveliest mink collar and muff—only seventy-five dollars, too. You never wear them? Of course not, but I thought I could wear them for you. Oh, Jack, here is something beautiful. A piece of cut glass. Why didn't I get the whole of it instead of just a piece? What silly things you do say. (*Holds it up.*) Just this piece cost me eighteen dollars and a half—it was twenty dollars, but the salesman let me have it cheaper after I had jewed him for quarter of an hour. Now I suppose you would have paid the twenty dollars and said nothing, so you see how much better shopper I am than you. You wouldn't have bought it at all? That is very true—you don't care a bit more for cut glass than you do for the pieces they sell on the ten-cent counter. (*Holds dish up on her hand.*) Isn't it a beauty? See how it flashes and shines and sparkles. I would love to keep it myself, but I'm going to send it to sister Hattie. You know she sent me that elegant silver tea set last Christmas and I only sent her a—a—well, I can't think now what it was, but I know I've been ashamed all the year because it was so insignificant beside what she gave me. Now, what is this? Oh, yes, a pair of gentleman's slippers. Who are they for? Dear me, I don't know. I saw them in a window and they looked so—so sort of Christmasy I couldn't help buying them. I wonder if they will fit papa?

No, I gave him slippers a year ago, so I don't want to send them to him. Perhaps they will fit Uncle Horace. (*Looks at them meditatively.*) No, I'm afraid they are too small, he has such large feet. What? Perhaps you can wear them if they're real small? Why, of course, dearie—I remember now that I thought when I was buying them they would just about fit you. Let you try them on? No, they won't seem like a Christmas present if I let you have them now. I shall put them away and keep them until Christmas morning. I'm sure they will fit—you have such dear little feet, for a man, you know, and yours are about worn out. Your feet most worn out? No, I didn't say so—I said your old slippers that you've been wearing for three years. I guess this is all I bought to-day. My, I'm tired—the stores were so full and everybody got in everybody else's way so. All my Christmas shopping done? Goodness, no—I've just commenced. You are going to hide your pocketbook? Come on, dear, let's go and see if dinner isn't about served. You will feel more generous after having a good meal.

## BEFORE THE MILLINER'S MIRROR.

SCENE: *A millinery parlor.*

*Discovered, a stylish YOUNG LADY in quest of hats.*

YOUNG LADY. Yes, I wish to look at hats. No, not exactly street hats; something a little more dressy, though I wish to wear it quite common, as I shall have an elaborate dress hat later in the season. Yes, I think I want something ready trimmed, though I may decide to select a shape and have it trimmed if I see just what suits me. (*Action of pulling pins out of hat, taking it off and laying it aside, then standing before the mirror and fixing hair.*) Oh, really, I scarcely know what shape I do want. I prefer to try on a number and see what I like. I am so particular about my hats that I can't decide hastily.

No—no, don't bring me that straw-colored one. I never wear that shade—somehow it doesn't harmonize with my hair and complexion. Yes, that blue turban, let me try that on. No, let me put it on myself—no one else ever gets a hat on me just to suit me. (*Takes hat, stands in front of mirror and puts it on, then turns to one side and the other, uses hand glass and gets a back view, etc.*) No, this shape isn't becoming; it is a little large for my face. (*Takes it off and tries on another.*) This will be better, perhaps—yes, it is quite becoming and rather pretty, but it has too common a look—too much as if it might have been made for any one of a hundred different women. I like my hats to have a decided

individuality, as if they were intended for no one but myself. Oh, yes, I think so, too. A hat should have a certain air characteristic of the one who wears it. (*Takes off hat she has on.*) No, this is scarcely what I want. I do not like the bow in the back. (*Takes another and puts it on.*) I am sure I shall not like this because it is too—well, a little conspicuous, don't you think? I want my hats to have a certain air and style. swell and elegant, you know, without being noticeable. Oh, yes, of course I want people to notice them, but—well, I want them to be attractive without attracting people—you understand? (*Takes off hat she has on.*) Oh, my, no—don't give me that one with a bird on—I simply can't endure to wear birds. Yes, I know they have a certain amount of style, but my little brother belongs to the Audubon society and it makes him furious to have us wear birds. They're only made ones? Oh, my, that's worse than ever—I can't bear imitations, I want the real thing or nothing at all. (*Tries on another hat.*) Now, I like this quite well. The shape is very near what I had in mind to get, but I don't like this color. I have a new green suit—not really a green, sort of a brown, too, and I want something that will go nicely with it. Have one like this made in brown and trimmed with dark green? No-o, I can't do that because I have a blue cravanette coat I shall wear quite a bit this season and I want my hat to match that, too. Besides, my last season's suit—a sort of a gray—something between a steel and a pearl gray, bordering a little on the silver gray, too, I think—is good yet—quite good, in fact, and it is still so much in style that I shall wear it considerable and my hat must go well with it, you see. Why not get a black hat? Oh, my, I don't want an all black one—there is time enough for me to go into black when I get old, don't you think?



*(Takes off the hat she has on and puts on another.)* This has some good points; the back is quite to my liking, but—it hides my hair a little too much. I want a hat to bring out the attractiveness of my hair—there is so much in that, don't you think? The hair and hat must look as if they were made for each other—oh, I don't mean just that—I object to manufactured hair, but—you know what I do mean. *(Takes off the hat she has on.)* Now, let me see that one in gray and white. A French pattern? Twenty dollars, but I may have it for fifteen? Oh, I certainly shouldn't think of paying more than ten for such a hat. Very stylish? Well, I am willing to pay something extra for style, but I want people to be able to notice the style after I have bought it. *(Takes hat off.)*

Now, I saw a hat on the street yesterday that I liked so much—it was very nearly what I should like. I wish I could give you some description of it, but—well, you know that is the way with very stylish hats—they impress you, but you can't tell what they are like two minutes after they are out of sight. Oh, no, it wasn't a turban, it was more of a—well, a little on the order of the newest sailors and yet a more elaborate shape than that, too. *(Looks at watch.)* Oh, I must go—I'm to have luncheon with a friend—no, I won't decide this morning. Besides, I may not get a hat just now, anyway. Good morning.



## AN ASPIRING DISHWASHER.

SCENE: *A kitchen.*

*Discovered, a YOUNG MISS standing at a small table washing dishes.*

YOUNG MISS. Oh, these horrid dishes—how I just hate to wash them. Life would be real pleasant if it wasn't for the dish-washing three times a day. Oh, how this egg does stick on. (*Scratches dish with her finger.*) There, I guess it's all off! I rather speak pieces than wash dishes—oh, I just love to do elocution. I like this one. (*Speaks as she washes dishes:*)

“Woodman, spare that tree;  
Touch not a single bough.  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand—”

Oh, my goodness, I've washed the handle right off of this cup! Dear me, I wish it had been my forefather's hand that broke it so he would have to get the scolding instead of me. That's an awful nice piece, too, about Bingen. (*Stands out from table and recites, putting in exaggerated gestures:*)

“A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
(*Right hand out at side, arm's length.*)

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth  
of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood  
ebbed away,

(*Points with the left hand.*)

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

*(Hands clasped and head bent low, listening.)*

The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,

And he said"—oh, my gracious, I believe mamma's coming. I'll have to get at these dishes. *(Starts to wash them.)* No, she isn't coming. How I hate this horrid work. *(Recites tragically and with a great deal of emphasis:)*

“Forward the Light Brigade,  
Charge for the dishes, he said,  
And into the dish-water  
Put your fair, young hands.  
Dishes to right of me,  
Dishes to left of me,  
Dishes in front of me  
Have to be washed.”

Fits pretty well, doesn't it? Dear me, I wonder if this cream pitcher is clean—it's so little I can't half get at it. Yes, when I'm a young lady I shall be an elocutionist and give recitals. I know an awful nice piece. *(Walks back and forth across floor, bent over, as she speaks:)*

“Over the hill to the poorhouse I'm trudgin' my weary way—

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—”

Oh, I must tend to my work! I'll be seventy time I get these dishes done if I don't look out. *(Washes vigorously.)* And when I get to be a great elocutionist I shall have a pale blue silk dress with low neck and short sleeves, like the lovely lady who gave the entertainment here last winter. Bless me, how greasy this platter is—I do hate greasy dishes. I think funny pieces are awful cute. I like this one.

(*Speaks:*)

“Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
Dey had biano-blay’n;  
I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,  
Her name was Madilda Yane.  
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und ven dey looket indo mine.  
Dey shplit mine heart in two.”  
(*Clasps both hands over her heart.*)

Oh, my land, now I’ve got dish-water on my waist—I guess it won’t hurt it any though. I get awfully excited when I speak. I’m going to begin to learn Shakespeare soon—my, he’s lovely. (*Washes dishes slowly.*) Love is awfully nice to speak about. I know some splendid pieces with it in. (*Speaks:*)

“Tying her bonnet under her chin.  
She tied her raven ringlets in.  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely, floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man’s heart within.”

Now, isn’t that sweet—only I hope it wasn’t sun-bonnet strings—that would spoil the—the style. They were probably lovely blue chiffon ties like Edith Ashton’s cousin had.

There, I guess I’ve got all the china washed at last. I wonder why people use so many dishes. Yes, I shall certainly be a reciter and go on the platform. Um-m-m-m, won’t it be beautiful to be encored and get flowers? My, this silver needs rubbing—this is lovely, too. (*Stands out and speaks with elaborate gestures:*)

“She has reached the topmost ladder: o’er her hangs  
the great, dark bell,  
(*Both hands extended above head.*)

And the awful gloom beneath her like the pathway  
down to hell.

*(Hands extended downward.)*

See, the ponderous tongue is swinging! 'Tis the  
hour of curfew now!

*(Right hand moved back and forth above head.)*

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her  
breath and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash  
with sudden light,

As she springs and grasps it firmly—*(steps forward  
and pretends to grasp tongue of bell with  
both hands)*. Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Oh, I think that's lovely—and so thrilling. Mercy,  
I must keep at these dishes. *(Washes very fast.)*  
One thing is sure—I never shall wash a dish after  
I get to be a noted elocutionist, no, indeed. I like  
the pieces best where you dress up and act them  
out—oh, they're lovely! I know one where a beau-  
tiful young lady is all dressed in white satin and  
sits at a table writing a letter—like this. *(Pulls chair  
up and sits by table, pretending to write as she  
speaks:)*

"I'm sitting alone by the fire,

Dressed just as I came from the dance

In a robe even you would admire—

It cost a cool thousand in France;

I'm bediamonded out of all reason.

My hair is done up in—"—heavens, mamma is  
calling me. *(Runs to side of stage and calls:)* What  
is it, mamma? No-o, I haven't got the dishes quite  
finished, but I'll be through in a minute. What?  
Yes, ma'am, all right. *(Hurries to table and begins  
to work very fast.)*

NOTE.—A good effect may be obtained by having  
a large dish pan and dish cloth on the table, with

*a smaller pan in which dishes are turned. The speaker goes through the motions of washing the dishes and placing them in the smaller pan. With practice this dish washing can be made quite a "hit."*

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### IN GRANDMA'S DAY.

SCENE: *A home, in which MISS LUCILE discusses the customs of GRANDMA'S day.*

MISS LUCILE. Oh, Grandma, are you still knitting on that dreadful sock? My, I should think you would get tired of it—mercy, how I hate to knit! What? In your day it was considered a very lady-like accomplishment to knit? Hum, I'm glad I didn't live in those days, Grandma. Why, I can't even bear to wear home-made stockings—to say nothing of knitting them. Great, coarse, scratching things, they fairly make my feet sore. You think the feet of this generation must be very tender? Yes, I suppose so. Maybe it is because we wash ours oftener than you folks used to. Oh, no, I don't mean to say the people of your day weren't clean, Grandma, but you know bath tubs are so much more common now.

And who are you knitting these socks for, Grandma? A Christmas present for Grandpa? Goodness, you must think a lot of him to put in so much time on him, and he must think a lot of you to be willing to wear them after he gets them. What? Folks who got married in your day had a more enduring affection for each other than they do now days? Yes, I think so, Grandma, because I am sure

I never shall fall very hard in love with any man, but, of course, I am going to get married so as to have someone to pay my bills. Oh, you think it is wicked to talk so? I'm too young to think anything about fellows? Why, bless you, Grandma, dear, I've had (*counts on her fingers*) six different beaus already. What? You think that Fred Jackson isn't a proper young man for me to go with? Oh, I don't go with him now, Grandma—I've got a new one. Why, Fred and I had a dreadful falling out and haven't spoken for two months. I can't bear him any more.

What? The young people didn't quarrel that way in your day? Oh, fudge, what a poky time you must have had of it, Grandma. Your feet may have been hard, but your consciences were soft, weren't they? Girls had something better to think of in your day than going with boys? Oh, pshaw, Grandma, you got married when you weren't much older than I am now. Don't try to make out that you were the whole cheese of propriety. What? You think my slang is dreadful? The young people of your day didn't talk so? Well, that was because you boys and girls were so bashful you didn't say anything. I have heard you say that when Grandpa first began to go with you you were both so bashful that you'd walk clear home from singing school without saying a word. I am glad that Will Harris and I are not such dunces as—what? You think I am terrible to call you and Grandpa dunces? Why, I didn't say so, Grandma, dear. I only said we would be dunces if we did so now days. Oh, I think you and Grandpa were awfully nice and good—though I think it must have been stupid to be so proper—but I'm sure you must have looked funny walking home together without speaking. Did one of you walk on each side of the road, Grandma, or

did you take hold of hands and then look in opposite directions and grin?

And didn't you ever flirt with any other fellow—just to make Grandpa jealous, you know? What? The young people of your day didn't know the meaning of the word flirt? Why, weren't there any dictionaries in those days, Grandma? You think I ought to be ashamed? Ashamed of what? You and Grandpa, because you didn't know the meaning of the word flirt? Well, I am—but tell me, Grandma, didn't you ever have any other beaux but Grandpa? What was the matter that the boys didn't fancy you? Oh, they did? John Barlow, the schoolmaster, tried to go with you? And Lam Haskins didn't get over it for a year because you gave him the mitten? And Joe Beverly declared he should kill himself if you wouldn't keep company with him? Oh, my—and did he? Oh, he changed his mind? Well, I am glad of it, because I should hate to be the granddaughter of a murderess—that would be worse than being frivolous and using slang and hating to knit.

Well, from what you have confessed, Grandma, I think the young ladies of your day flirted just as bad as we girls do now, because all those fellows wouldn't have been after you if you hadn't given them some encouragement—at least, a glance out of the corner of your eye. And tell me, Grandma, didn't you ever have any good times going places when you were a girl like me? What? I stay up too late and go more than is good for me? Girls in your day weren't so giddy? But just think of the lovely times I have at receptions and lectures and theaters and parties and things I go to. What a pity you had to miss everything like that. What? You had just as much fun at the quiltings and apple-parings and husking-bees and house-warmings and barn dances as we have now? Why, Grandma, the



idea of your trying to preach to me—you went to more things and stayed out later than I do, I'm sure. The truth is, my dear Grandma, that the girls of your days were just as giddy and frivolous as I am, and you were not a bit better than your dear granddaughter, if I do have tender feet and use slang and hate to knit—so there!

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### BACK IN SQUASHVILLE.

MARGUERITE *gives her views on life in high society.*

MARGUERITE. My, we're living dreadful swell now an' I can have all the money I want to spend an' I wear awful costly clothes an' am gettin' made into a lady, but I don't have half the fun I did when we lived back in Squashville. Why, back in Squashville, when we was poor 'fore pa found oil in our ground an' got us rich, I used to have lots of fun. I wore a cal'co dress to school an' didn't have to be ladylike, an' went barefoot in summer time an' run 'round the streets without nothing on my head an' did just lots of nice things. Oh, an' there was the nicest little crick back in Squashville an' I used to hold up my dress an' roll up—my—my other things, you know, an' go in wading with the boys.

But now we have to be awful stylish, since pa struck it rich, an' ma's taking phys'cal cultured lessons so's she won't be round shouldered like as if she used to do her own washing an' things an' learning to talk like as if she'd allus gone to school an' lived on grammars an' dictioneries an' such things.

An' she reads in a book 'bout a lady called Etty Kette an' won't let us eat pie with our knife or drink tea out of our sassers like we did back in Squashville, an' we can't stretch for ourselves at the table, but has to get ev'ry thing passed to us by a waiting girl. An' lots a times we didn't have no tablecloth on back in Squashville an' pa et in his shirt sleeves, but now he has to put on a coat an' wear a little sheet that ma calls a napkun an' pa sighs and says, "Gosh, I wish I was back in Squashville, poor as Job's turkey again."

An' now we have splendid dam-ask linen, an' cut-up glass an' chiny that you can most see through, it's so thin, and pa's allus skeered for fear he'll bite a piece out of his cup when he drinks, an' says all they is to such stuff is the price. An' we have things to eat that has the funniest names that you don't know what they mean, an' one day pa got mad and said to ma, "I'm darn tired and sick of eatin' all these French jimmy-cracks—I want some good old pork an' beans an' biled cabbage an' things like we used to have back in Squashville." My, it makes ma mad when pa talks like that, 'cause ma just loves high life an' being rich.

An', oh my, you ought to see ma's party dress. It come from Paris an' cost a dreadful lot of money an' they ain't hardly any top to it an' it hangs down on the floor 'bout a yard behind, an' pa said he wasn't going out in comp'ny with no such piece of staterary, an' he said, "Maria, you go an' get a dressmaker to cut the tail offen that an' sew it on ter the waist." An' ma she laughed an' said, "Why, this is the way to dress when you get up in soci'ty," an' pa said 'cause she was goin' up wasn't no reason why her dress should go down, an' he says, "I'd rather see you in that red cashymere that you used to wear back in Squashville."

An', oh, pa he has got a dress suit that has funny little tails behind an' stiff white shirt buzzim that comes way down on his stummick where his vest ought to be.

Back in Squashville I used to know ev'rybody an' have lots of fun sliding down hill with Billy Flynn an' playing squat-tag with the Stebbins children who had a pa stayin' in jail, but here ma won't let me speak to any children less they're in our set—though I can't see what diff'rence it makes whether they set the same way I do or not. Sometimes I cry and tease ma to let's go back to Squashville to live where I can have some fun, but she says I'm a silly little girl an' that I've got to be edgercated an' learn to sing on the harp an' travel an' go in soci'ty an' get a rich husban', an' I say, "I don't want to be edgercated an' traveled an' soci'tyed an' get a rich husban'—I want to be a school teacher like Sallie Jones I used to go to school to 'fore we got rich, an' then marry Billy Flynn an' live back in Squashville."

## UNFORTUNATE BESSIE.

BESSIE. Oh, kitty, do you love your poor, naughty mistress? I'm awful bad, sister says, Kittykins, bad enough to send to jail, an' mamma sent me up here to stay all alone till bed time an' not have a bit of supper. I'm hungry, too, though not so very, 'cause while Megs was here to play we went in the pantry an' swiped peanut sandwiches an' cream puffs an' wafers with cocoanut all sprinkled on 'em that Sister Josephine had fixed for her company to-night. My, they was awful good an' we didn't know there was only enough to go 'round for the company an' so we ate, oh, a whole lot—though we didn't mean to eat hardly any—jus' a little teeny bit, Kittykins.

Don't you think this is a hard world to live in, kitty dear, for children, I mean? I'm the most unfortunatest girl—allus getting caught in some trouble when I don't mean anything bad. Sister says I'm a holy terror, an' Uncle Jack says I'm an imp, an' Aunt Mehitable says I'm on the broad road that leads to Perdition. I looked in my geogrophy to see if Perdition is a nice city, but I couldn't find it an' I don't believe Aunt Mehitable knew what she was talking about. I can't bear her—I make faces behind her back every time I get a chance.

I wouldn't be bad, kitty, if folks wasn't allus finding me in mischief when they shouldn't ought to know 'bout it. I'm jus' as unfortunate as I can be. Now, that time I put the wash dish of dirty water on the back stairs so Jane, the maid, would step in

it when she came down to go to the party, an' spoil her lovely blue dress—I didn't do it because I was bad. I did it 'cause I was mad at Jane for telling mamma that I let Harry Williams kiss me. Mean thing! I didn't let him kiss me 'cause I like to taste kisses—it was 'cause he said he bet five dollars I was 'fraid to let a boy kiss me an' I guess I wasn't going to let him think I was such a 'fraid cat, would you, Kittykins?

An' that time I poured kerosene on the minister's ice cream I didn't do it to be wicked 'cause I didn't know the minister was goin' to get that dish—I thought it was Uncle Jack's. I wanted to put it on his ice cream to pay him for slapping me 'cause I cut the hand off my soldier-boy doll with his razor. I didn't want a soldier doll less he looked like he'd been in the war an' got to be a battle-scared hero, so I cut one hand off and told folks it was shot off in the battle of Look-up Mountain. An' Uncle Jack was mad jus' 'cause I used his razor, so I put kerosene on the dish of cream I thought was for him, an' I wasn't to blame 'cause the girl made a mistake an' gave it to the minister. My, it was awful funny to see the minister when he tried to eat it. An' when I laid Sister Josephine's beau's coat on the sticky flypaper an' they started off to the opery with it stuck onto his back, how did I know they would find out I did it, Kittykins? I thought he would think he laid it there hisself. This is a mean old world an' I wish I'd die so they could put on my tombstone, "Here Lies Darling Bessie Who Always Was Good."

## ALGEBRA AND CLASS PARTIES.

MISS CONSTANCE *sits at a table with book, paper and pencil, working problems in algebra.*

MISS CONSTANCE: Oh, dear, I must get these algebra problems for to-morrow or I can't go to the class party with an easy conscience. Bother the algebra, anyway. I think arithmetic and algebra and such studies ought to be simply for boys—what good do they do girls? I enjoy studies like grammar and literature and history—they seem so much more—more ladylike, somehow. Oh, I wish it was time for the party this minute—parties are so much more fun than algebra. Dear-r-r, I suppose I must get this lesson. Let's see—where is it? Oh, yes, this is where to begin. (*Reads from book.*) "A farmer who has two droves of hogs"—oh, I hate problems about hogs—they're so dirty and—and piggy, some way. Now, if it was about sheep I wouldn't mind it so much. Sheep are sort of nice and interesting—especially when they're lambs. Now, where was I? (*Reads.*) "A farmer who has two droves of hogs finds that one-half the number in the first drove less four"—I suppose I may as well write this down as I go along and save time. Let's see—let  $X$  equal the number in the first drove and—I suppose that Marie Evans will wear her blue silk dress to-night. She does think she is the whole beach when she has it on. I'd just like to tell her how the skirt sags in the back. The waist makes her look round shouldered, too. Tom Williams says she doesn't look half

as swell in it as I do in my red voile. I don't see what folks make such a fuss over her for anyway.

Dear, this example—and let  $Y$  equal the number in the second drove. Then—now let's see—(*reads*) “One-half the number in the first drove less four equals one-fourth the number in the second drove plus five.” I just hate these problems about farmers and cattle, and horses and hogs, and such things. If we've got to do algebra at all why can't it be problems like, “One-fourth the money a young lady spent for a hat equals one-fifth of what she paid for a tailor suit, and one-eighth of what she paid for a suit equals what she paid for a fancy parasol, and so forth.”

Oh, fidgets, where was I?  $Y$  over 4 less 4—no, that's not right.  $Y$  over 2 less 4 equals—I hope they will serve the supper in courses to-night. Of course, you don't get any more to eat that way, but it's so sort of stylish that it tastes better. I just do love to have things swell. And then it gives one such a nice chance to talk with her partner while they are clearing off things and washing dirty dishes for the next course, and so forth. Now, I wonder if I have this down right? (*Reads.*) One-half the number in the first drove less four equals one-fourth the number in the second drove plus five. (*Looks at her paper.*) Oh, I've got it down wrong—it should be  $X$  over 2 less 4 equals—now what is the rest? (*Looks at book.*) Um-m-m-m-m, oh, yes, equals one-fourth of  $Y$  plus—Tom Williams said he was never going to speak to me again if I didn't eat supper with him to-night. At the last party I had to go to supper with Roy Harrison and I was awfully mad. Oh, of course, he's smart and nice, but he isn't very swell. Why, he has worn the same necktie to at least four parties right along. Oh, crickets, what is the rest of that statement? Less—less, no,



plus, oh, plus five. How I do hate these old hoggy problems. How can I be expected to work them when I don't know anything about farms and pigs and such things? Now, what's the next statement? One-sixth the number in the first drove lacks—I wonder how I had better fix my hair to-night? Shall I pomp it and do it in two knots with big bows or shall I part it and do it low with one big bow? Tom says—though, of course, I don't care what he thinks—but he says I'm better looking with it parted and done low. Still, I don't think it looks quite so swell that way, and—yes, I believe I'd rather look swell than pretty.

(*Reads.*) One-sixth the number in the first drove lacks two—now let's see, that will be one-sixth Y. Um-m-m-m, no, one-sixth X minus—minus—I'm glad the party is to be at Redding's because they have just the swellest place to sit on the stairs and talk to your—to the boys, I mean. Miss Curtis, the Latin teacher, says it isn't nice to sit off one side that way, but I think it is swell. She says it is spooning, but we don't spoon. We just talk about how we hate to study and how lovely class parties are and say things about how different ones look in their party clothes.

Gracious me, I've worked at this horrid problem a half hour and it isn't done yet. Now, what is that second statement? One-sixth X minus 2—no, plus 2, equals one-sixth Y. There! Thank goodness, I've got the statements—the problem's most done now. Dear, such a secret as I have for to-night at the party, and not one of the class knows it. I have a new pink waist to wear—the most beautiful shade of pink with low neck and short sleeves. Won't the girls be mad when they see me? I bet I'll look the nicest of any girl there—even if I don't have my algebra lesson very well for to-morrow. I suppose

Tom Williams will want to sit on the stairs and talk to me for an hour—my, he's just a swell talker and he always takes along a box of chocolate creams, too, and I think it looks awful swell to eat chocolates with short sleeves on—it shows off your arms so nice.

Dear, where was I in this problem? Let's see, you say—oh, the first thing is to get rid of these fractions. How I do hate fractions! Stingy things! I don't believe in dealing in anything less than whole numbers. Now you say  $X$  minus 8—no, that is  $2X$  minus—minus—oh, I'm a good notion to tell the algebra teacher that I didn't work this hog problem because my folks believe that pork is so—so unhygienic that we don't have anything to do with it. Oh, I see what this is now,  $2X$  minus 16 equals  $Y$  plus 20 and—um-in-m-m  $2X$  minus  $Y$  equals—oh, yes, 36. Humph, there isn't a word of truth in this problem—the idea of a farmer thinking how one-half the pigs in one drove less 4 equals one-fourth the number in another drove less 5. Why, farmers don't think anything about such foolishness. The old farmer that mamma buys butter and eggs of even has to count up how much they come to on his fingers.

Now, I must simplify this second statement and then I'll soon be—oh, there is Ella Haines coming past. I'm going to run out and tell her about my new waist and see what she says. I know she will be mad.

## A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

*Discovered, MRS. PERKINS, an invalid, sitting in a rocker with pillows and shawls.*

MRS. PERKINS. Come in, Mrs. Williams, an' have a chair. I'm real glad you come over—I do get so lonesome sitting here day after day. Nobody knows till they have to endure a spell of it how tiresome it is not to be able to get around. No, I don't feel any better, thanks. I'm dreadful poorly to-day. I can't say as I'm really worse, but I can see I'm gradually going down hill—jist a little weaker and more run down ev'ry day. No, I don't really know what's the matter. The doctor just can't seem to be able to find a name for my trouble—it's so kind of complicated, I s'pose. We've had Doctor Waring over from Merton, too, but my case seemed to baffle him completely. He acted real put out about it. What? You heard he said there wasn't anything the matter with me an' I could get up an' go to work if I had a mind to? The idea! Perhaps when I'm lying cold an' still an' dead he'll change his mind. Oh, my, no, I can't eat much of anything! Really, I haven't appetite enough to keep a bird alive, but I just make myself eat a little because I don't want to get clear down till I have to. I s'pose the end'll come soon enough. Now, if I only could eat. The breakfast smelled so good this morning when Henry was getting it ready that I thought I'd give anything to be able to eat a regular meal. I managed to choke down some warmed-up potatoes an' a slice of bacon

with a couple of fried eggs an' a few pancakes an' a couple of fried cakes with my coffee. but I said to Henry, "Oh, if I could only sit down an' relish a good square meal like you do, how thankful I'd be." This having to coax your appetite is dreadful. Oh, I want to thank you for the mince pie you sent over this morning. It does seem as if your mince pies are 'bout the best I ever ate. I told Henry that what I didn't eat to-day I wanted him to save over for me till to-morrow—it's so good I don't want any one else to eat it up. I did make out to eat quite a bit of dinner to-day—thanks to your pie an' the pork cake Mrs. Harris sent over. Henry had a boiled dinner an' of course I knew I'd suffer to pay for it, but I told him I was going to try an' eat a little of it. He had it cooked real nice—for a man—an' I coaxed myself into trying some of the meat an' boiled cabbage an' turnips an' carrots, with some the dumplings an' a couple of soda biscuits—an' your pie an' the pork cake for dessert. Oh, if a person can only keep up an appetite there's some hope for 'em, but when they're like me an' don't eat enough to keep a bird alive it is dreadful discouragin'.

Yes, Henry does the work now—course the children help some—but I s'pose we'll have to get a hired girl 'fore long. No, of course my folks don't know how bad I am. Henry wanted to write for some of 'em to come an' see me, but I said to wait till I was worse. W'y, I may live six months yet—or even longer. I've planned all 'bout how I want things, though, an' told Henry. I want my sister Mary to take Ester, our youngest girl, an' Harriet's going to her grandma's, my mother, an' Frank's to live with my brother Will in Montana.

What? You think my husband won't want to give them up? Why, of course he won't want to, but he'll have to. What can he do with a family of

children? What? A stepmother? My children have a stepmother? Certainly not. I wouldn't rest in my grave a minute if I thought such a thing of Henry. Only the other day I was telling him that he'd never be able to find any one to take my place an' do for him as I've done. He's dreadful particular, Henry is. What? Marcella Hawkins? She's just the same as said she's going to have Henry after I'm gone? They were visiting at church last Sunday as if they're old lovers, were they? Thank you, Mrs. Williams, for telling me this. I'm glad to find it out. But she better wait—just hand me the flannel skirt out the bottom drawer there, please, to slip on under my wrapper. I'll show that Marcella Hawkins I ain't dead yet. And just get me my shoes out the corner of the closet—thank you. What am I going to do? Oh, you needn't be scared. I'm not crazy. I'm just going to get up an' get supper an' have it ready when Henry gets home. Oh, it may use me up some, but I'll let that scheming Marcella Hawkins see that she ain't going to smile over my coffin for a while yet or get her hands on my husband. If you see her tell her I'm going to fry my own doughnuts to-morrow and she needn't send Henry over any more of hers.

Oh, must you go? Well, come over again soon. Like enough I'll run over to see you next week. That bold, designing Marcella Hawkins. Stepmother, indeed!

## BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

Good morning, Mrs. Ellis. No, thank you, I can't set down. I got my flats on to heat an' I jes' run over to do a little errant. Yes, it is a lovely day—an' I'm glad of it 'cause it seems as if bad news sets a little easier on a bright day—though it's hard 'nough any time, lan' knows. Who's got bad news? Er, wal, I s'pose lots of folks round us has. Glad you ain't got any? Um-m-m-m, wal, you can't never be sure. Now I came over to tell you—I said to the folks that I wanted to tell you first so's to break it to you real gentle, an' I thought you'd mebbe take it a mite easier comin' from a near neighbor an' ol' friend. What? Now, my dear, don't you git excited. You mus' keep calm. Yes, I'll hurry an' tell you. Now don't git narvous. Trouble comes to us all—though, of course, it ain't much to git worked up over 'cause your brother Joseph's barn burnt up. What? You don't call that trouble? No, course not—I told you not to get excited. Yes, his barn's all burnt down—burnt this mornin' 'bout seven o'clock. It caught fire from the house. What? Who's house? W'y, your brother Joseph's house. Ye-es, his house is burnt too—that's what set the barn on fire. You're thankful it ain't no worse? La, yes, things might allus be more dreatfuler'n they be.

Trouble comes to us all an' we mus' bear up an' try to make the best of things. Yes, the house burnt down the same time he got his leg broke. Who got his leg broke? W'y, your brother Joseph's oldest son, Peter. Now, now, Mis' Ellis, you mus'n't git all

up-sot, an' me tryin' to break things to you so gentle. Yes, the poor boy broke his leg ridin' so fast after the doctor. Who was he goin' after the doctor for? Now, now, don't git narvous. Yes, I'll tell you right away. He was after the doctor for his mother—your brother Joseph's wife, poor soul. She was workin' over the oil stove when she made a mistake with it an' it blew up an' burnt 'er real bad. That's what set the house afire, you see. There, there, now, don't you feel bad! It might a bin a awful lot worse. Will she git well? Dear, dear, it's hard to tell! She was feelin' dreatful poorly when it happened, 'cause she was so used up over her awful loss. What loss? Now, do be calm, Mis' Ellis. Yes, yes, I'll hurry an' tell you. The loss of her husban'. Your poor brother Joseph died in the night las' night of heart trouble. That's what made his wife, poor dear, feel so bad that she made the mistake with the oil stove an' blew it up, an' burn down the house an' barn, an' be the cause of the poor boy a breakin' his leg, 'cause your brother had jes' died so suddin. Yes, that's what the messenger said. There, there, now, don't feel bad—you mus'n't give way to your grief, 'cause they want you to come right over to Joseph's as soon as you can. They sent a messenger over to tell you 'bout things an' he stopped at my house to ask where you lived. an' when he told me 'bout things I said I was comin' right over here myself an' tell you, so's to break it to you gentle. Seems like we can stand sorrer better if it comes to us sorter easy. Now, now, don't take on, Mis' Ellis. Yes, the man's a waitin' over to my house for you, to take you back with him. La, now, Mis' Ellis, don't fly 'round so—you'll use yourself all up. Wal. I'll go back an' tell the man you're gittin' ready.



## MOLLIE'S EULOGY ON COUNTRY LIFE.

MOLLIE. Oh, it's all very well for you to say it is nicer to live in the city than in the country, Miss Evangeline Winthrop, but I wouldn't change from the country to the city for anything. Man made the city, but God made the country, so, of course, it is the best place to live. I suppose you think that skyscrapers and factories and chimneys and spires are picturesque, but I prefer the sylvan dells and cool retreats of the country woodlands. The poet, Bryant, says:

"These shades  
Are still the abode of gladness; the thick roof  
Of green and stirring branches is alive  
And musical with birds that sing and sport  
In wantonness of spirit; while below  
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,  
Chirps merrily."

Now, doesn't that sound inviting? It makes me feel as if I could lie right down under that green roof, watching the birds and squirrels, and stay a week. What? You think I'd get bugs in my ears if I did, and catch my death of cold? Well, I suppose there aren't any insects in the city, for they all get run over by the trolley cars or the truck wagons or automobiles or fire engines or crowded out of existence by the "teeming thousands" of inhabitants; but at least bugs in your ears aren't any worse than smoke in your throat and cinders in your eyes.

And think of all the lovely sunrises and sunsets

we have in the country—how beautiful they are. What? You have sunrises and sunsets in the city, too? Oh, yes, of course, but in the city the poor old sun rises out of a skyscraper and sets in a factory chimney. Why, certainly the country is the best place to live. Just think of all the lovely things that poets and all sorts of writers have said about the country, but who ever thinks of writing that way about the cities? All the poets like to write about Nature, and the cities are so progressive that dear Mother Nature is crowded out of sight. Our beloved Longfellow says:

“If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills. No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

What? You think that at least the city people are nicer than the country folks? Why, the idea! Just think of all the splendid things that have been written about country people. There's Whittier's piece about the barefoot boy with cheek of tan—he was a country boy—and fair Maud Muller, with her hay rake, that the stylish judge fell in love with—the maiden, I mean, not the hay rake, and the poem about “Little brown hands that drive home the cows from the pasture,” that says the country children are the ones that become mighty rulers of state. And what a lot of nice things have been written about the fascinating milkmaid with the pretty face and dainty sunbonnet. What? The only milkmaids you have ever seen in the country were hired men, who wore dreadful hats and cowhide boots? Why, shame on you, Evangeline Winthrop, I know some lovely farmer girls who can milk—I can myself, only I like to practice my music lesson better.

What did you say? You don't like the country because it is so still? Well, I don't see how you can call it still when there are so many birds singing and roosters crowing and hens cackling and sheep bleating and cattle lowing and turkeys and geese and guinea hens—what? That racket don't count? Well, I'm sure I'd rather listen to it than to the clang of the trolley cars and rumble of delivery wagons and bells and whistles and everything you have in the city.

And just think of all the great folks that have lived on farms and enjoyed country life—Washington and Lincoln and Garfield and Frances Willard and (*with a sweeping gesture*) myself. What? We don't have any art galleries and lovely churches and libraries and such things in the country? Humph, we don't need them—we have so many natural pictures that we don't need the painted ones, and Bryant says, "The groves were God's first temples," so we can get along without grand churches. As for libraries, we live where there are

"Stories in running brooks,  
And sermons in stones."

## A MORNING RIDE.

SCENE: *A trolley car.*

*Enter a SCHOOL GIRL on her way to high school.*

SCHOOL GIRL. Oh, my, I thought sure I was going to miss this car and be late for school, though I can't see for the life of me why prof is so opposed to a few tardy marks. Such a bother to have to get to school by nine, anyway. I have to rush so to get ready that I always hurry off with something only half done—either my hair half combed or my breakfast half eaten or my lessons half prepared or something of the sort. Papa says a ride in the morning does me good, but I'm sure I'd rather have a chance to sleep longer. The "beauty sleep" may be before midnight, but the dandiest sleep is after seven in the morning. Oh, here comes Marie Denton. (*As if to someone entering.*) Ahem! Oh, Marie, come and sit by me. Isn't this the loveliest morning. I hurried so to be in time for my car that usually get such an early start. You waited to help with the work? Mercy sakes! I never do a stitch of work in the morning. You must get up early. Seven o'clock? Why, Marie Denton, I'd die if I got up at that unearthly hour. I always sleep till quarter of eight. Have to hurry? I should say so! I just jump into my clothes, eat a mouthful of breakfast and off I go. How swell your hair looks this morning. I hurried so to be in time for my car that I look like a fright. (*Giggles.*) Your hat is pretty, too. What a bother it is to choose hats. I never

get the one I want—that is, after I've bought it I always wish I had got some other one. What? You don't say! A new silk waist? Why, Marie Denton, you do have the most clothes. Now, I haven't had anything for an awful long time. My blue suit? Oh, my, I've had that for ages!

Really, is that so? Why, you don't mean Miss Williams, our Latin teacher? And she's going to be married, you say—as homely as she is? Well, I have hopes for myself when I get older, then. (*Giggles.*) What? Homely folks are usually good? Humph, I think she's got a horrid disposition—the way she went for me in Latin class yesterday. And I wasn't doing a thing, either—just laughing at Fred Horton's attempt to eat chocolates without being caught at it. (*To the CONDUCTOR.*) Fare? Oh, dear, where is my handbag? Did you see it, Marie? I wonder if I didn't bring it—I came off in such a hurry. Oh, here, I was sitting on it. Such a bother to have to pay fare, isn't it? Wish I could get charged for mine and then pay them all up at the end of the month—only I'd be sure to spend my change for candy and not have anything left to pay carfare. Oh, Marie, here comes the swellest-looking young man—no, not that one—the one with the light coat. He takes the car I'm on nearly every morning, and I believe he is smitten with me, for it seems as if he watches me all the time and acts as if he wanted to get acquainted with me. Nice looking, isn't he? I wonder who he is and what he does? What? You know him? And he's married? And got a baby a month old? Why, I don't believe it. You're sure? Well, I'm beat! He's awfully young looking to have a family—but you never can tell about these men who don't wear a mustache—it makes them look so young. Humph, I shall turn him down good the next time I see him looking at me and smiling. Maybe he smiles be-

cause he's so happy over the baby? Well, he needn't look at me, anyhow.

Gracious, isn't that the funniest-looking man sitting over there? I bet he's a cannibal or something awful. Oh, dear, I'm afraid he heard me—how dreadful! (*Giggles.*) I'm always getting in some trouble. Oh, say, have you heard about Nell Evans and Jack Webster? No? Well, they've broken off again—that makes four times since Christmas. Aren't they the craziest couple? What? You think Nell is most to blame? Oh, my, yes, she's awful peppery. I don't believe Jack cares about her, anyway, but she is so gone on him that she won't give him up. Um-hum, I think so, too. Say, have you got your geometry lesson for to-day? Gee, I think I shall flunk—it's just dreadful! What's the sense of all that lingo about old lines and angles and corollaries and capillaries, and right-angled triangles and triangled right angles and everything? They just make my brain dizzy. The only part of it I like is where it ends up with *quod erat demonstrandum*—I just love Latin. What? You like geometry? How funny! You were excellent in the last exam? Well, I wasn't. I only got fair, and I'm expecting a con next time. (*Giggles.*)

Oh, here comes Jennie Edwards. I hope she won't sit by us. Doesn't her hair look frightful? And that hat is enough to stagger a blind man. (*As if to person entering.*) Why, hello, Jennie. Why, yes, of course, there's room for you here by us. The more the merrier! Your hair? Why, what makes you think it looks bad? You've got it fixed lovely. O, say, girls, I've got a secret—if you'll both promise never to tell it. I know it's true, because Edith Haines told Blanche Johnson confidentially and Blanche told Rose Smith and Rose told me. Of course, I promised not to tell, but if you'll swear on your honor not to breathe a word of it I'll tell you.

What? You cross your hearts and hope to die? All right. Well, Luella Jones' folks have lost all their money and her father is clerking in a grocery store, and they're living in a little house, and that's why Luella is staying here with her aunt and going to school. Isn't that awful—and Luella so stuck up you can't touch her with a ten-foot pole. What? She isn't to blame because they're poor? No-o, but she needn't be so high and mighty. Um-hum, I think so, too.

Oh, I wonder who this young man is who's waiting here on the corner for the car? I've noticed him ever so many times before. Isn't his hair lovely? Oh, do you really know him? Do introduce me when he comes in. It's awfully nice to know folks, and then you get a chance to talk sometimes. Papa and mamma are so strict about my looking at strangers. Oh, here he is! (*Giggles.*) How do you do? (*Giggles.*) Yes, I've noticed you lots of times when I've been going down in the morning. Oh, thank you! (*Giggles.*) Oh, a chocolate? My, I just love them—don't you, girls? (*Giggles.*) What? Another? Oh, just one more—thank you. Oh, that's too bad. (*Giggles.*) Yes, boys are always so modest. (*Giggles.*) Dear me, girls, here's where we get off. Jennie, don't forget your book—oh, no, that's my own. Where's my lunch box? Oh, thank you—so glad to have met you. Do come on, girls, or we'll be late and get one of prof's polite little lectures. Such a bother to go to school, anyway.



## AUNT JERUSHA VISITS THE CITY.

AUNT JERUSHA. Oh, how do do, Hester? Come in an' have a chair. Yes, I'm back again an' glad to be home, too. Ye-es, I had a real good time down to Mary's, but I don't care much 'bout livin' in the city nor stayin' in a flat, fer that matter. The truth is the city's too big an' a flat's too little to suit my fancy—though Mary thinks it's next thing to heaven. I guess. Wal, ev'ry one to their taste, I say, but jes' excuse me from, livin' like Mary does. Oh, yes, she's got things nice 'nough, I s'pose, but I don't care to live where I ain't got room to turn round without bumpin' into something, an' have to go out doors to draw a long breath.

Oh, yes, Mary's got nice furnerture, but it's a dreadful queer kind—a deceivin' kind where you don't know whether a thing's a pianny, er a bed, er a clothes press, er a ice box. Fer my part I don't fancy furnerture that its outsides an' insides don't match an' you can't tell from lookin' at 'em what the inside's goin' to turn out to be. Yes, a flat is the beatinest thing I ever did see. When I come to go to bed that first night down to Mary's I thought I never did see sech arrangements in all my born days, ner before er since, fer that matter. I slep' in a little place that she calls the library—though I think it's a whole lot more 'lie than brary—an' when Mary says, says she, "This is where you're goin' to sleep, Aunt Jerushy," I says, "Land a massy, have I got to git inter my nightgownd right here where ev'rybody can see me?" An' Mary she laughs an' says,

"Course not," an' what you s'pose? She walked up an' pulled some doors out of a crack in the wall an' slid 'em up together, an' lo an' behold, there was a little room shut off by itself. "Wal," I says, "this is all right fer a room now that you've put a wall in this side of it, but do you 'spect me to sleep on that little settee?" Mary she said no, an' you could a knocked me plum' over with a feather. If she didn't begin a fussin' with the bookcase an' pullin' it here an' pushin' it there, an' out come a lot of insides that was mattress an' beddin', an' first thing I knew there was a bed set up ready fer me to sleep in. "Fer the mercy land," says I, "does it do that ev'ry night?" "Yes," says Mary, "an' goes back to a bookcase every mornin'." "Wal," says I, "if it's all the same to you I want'er git out of its jaws 'fore it gits the book case feelin's on in the mornin'."

Then the next thing Mary histed up the kivver of the settee an' says, says she, "Now this is the clothes press, Aunt Jerushy, an' you can jus' put your things right in here." An' then says she, "Oh, I forgot to take the Morris chair out in the other room fer to make Jimmie's bed of." "What?" says I, "does the poor little feller have to sleep on a chair?" An' then she showed me how the big armchair let down its back an' made a bed. "When it gits some quilts an' pillers in it," says Mary, "it makes a real nice bed fer Jimmie, seein' he's little."

"An' where do you an' Henry sleep?" says I, "in the ice box er the chiny closet?" An' Mary jes' laughed an' says, "No, Henry an' me sleep in the pianny. It lets down jes' like this one of yours an' is a dreadful nice bed to sleep in." Yes, as true as I'm a settin' in this chair a lookin' you in the face, Hester, that is the way ev'ry thing is down to Mary's. She's got cheers that fold up an' lay away when she ain't got comp'ny, an' a table that folds up, an' if you'll believe it, she has most of 'er dishes

stuck up round the wall same as if they was chromo picters.

An' sech a funny way of eatin' as they have you never did see. That first night when we went to the table I sorter looked at what they was to eat an' I says to myself, "Wal, it's a dreadful good thing that I got a lunch at Jefferson when we stopped there, fer this is the barrenist lookin' supper table I ever did set eyes on." An' I thought it mus' be that Mary's man hadn't bin doin' very well lately makin' money, er she'd have somethin' better to eat long as she knowed I was comin'. Wal, we begin to eat, an' sech carryin's on you never did witness. There was a girl with a white cap an' apern an' she'd bring in a few things an' leave 'em awhile an' then she'd trot 'em off an' bring some clean plates an' some stuff to eat, an' bimeby come an' take it way from you an' bring more clean dishes an' a little more to eat, till I was jes' disgusted, and sech funny things to eat, too—stuff done up in a lettuce leaf and trimmed up with green vines an' hashed up things that Mary called salads an' froze-up puddin's, an' land only knows what—some of 'em with the most redic'lus names you ever heerd.

My, yes, it's awful noisy in the city—why, that first night I hardly got a wink of sleep, they was sech dreadful sounds goin' on all the time. When I got up in the mornin' I says to Mary, "Fer the land of goodness, what was goin' on in the night that kep' sech a rackit? Was there a dreadful fire er was they havin' one them strike rows the papers tell 'bout?" An' Mary she says, "W'y, I didn't hear anything. I guess it was the street cars and delivery wagons an' milk carts an' sech things you heerd." An' I jes' said, "Wal, if they make all that pow-wow jes' fer common I'd hate to be here when they's anything special goin' on."

Did I go to theater? Wal, now Hester, I wasn't

goin' to tell a word 'bout that, it was so scand'lous, but seein' you have asked me point blank right out loud in plain words, I'll tell you that I did, but I don't want you to tell a soul. I was never so beat in my life as when we got there, 'cause I s'posed we was goin' to some sort of church doin's the way Mary talked, but after we'd bin there awhile an' they begun to carry on so scand'lous on the stage, I jes' leant over and whispered to Mary an' says, "Mary Stebbins, is this here one them theaters I've heerd tell of?" An' she says, "W'y, yes, don't you like it?" An' I says, "I've walked the straight an' narrer way fer twenty-three year come next spring an' I ain't goin' to fall down into no pit of sin at this late day—I'm goin' right home." Mary see I was real worked up an' I guess she'd a gone with me, but 'er husban' said he'd paid out hard-earnt cash an' he was goin' to see the finish, bein' that there wasn't nothin' bad 'bout it. Wal, I jes' had to sit there till it was out. Part of it was real nice, but some of it was sech as to make folks blush an' want to hide fer shame, an' at sech times I jes' hid behind my hankychief an' kep' it from my eyes if I couldn't from my ears.

Oh, yes, I went round the city quite a bit with Mary an' seen lots of things, some of 'em real nice an' some jes' dreadful. One day Mary took me to a art place that she said was jes' fine, an' if you'll believe it they had all sorts of staturary an' some of 'em without no clothes on that was awful. There was a man there that seemed to be sort of bossin', an' I says to 'im, "Sir, 'fore you let any more Christian wimmin like myself in here to view them things you better dress 'em. If you can't afford nothin' else you can put a little caliker on 'em." Yes, Hester, I'm glad to be home, an' here I stay the rest of my days. The city's too many fer me.

## A CHANCE MEETING.

SCENE: *A railway car.*

*Discovered, MISS WINTHROP, traveling without a chaperon.*

MISS WINTHROP. How strangely familiar that gentleman across the aisle looks. I'm sure I must have met him somewhere. Let me see—last winter in New York—or was it last summer at Lake Tennyayaka—or while I was in the West? I am perfectly sure I have met him some place or he wouldn't impress me so strongly. (*Thinks.*) I have it—he was at Mrs. Gordon-Rathburne's last summer during her house party—I'm sure of it. Now what is his name? (*Thinks.*) Houston? No, Houston was short and fat and homely, while this man looks as soulful as a Greek god. Merrivale? Let me see. No-o, he was the captain who was so nice to all the ladies in general and to no one in particular, because he had lost a sweetheart ten years before. How exasperating! I wish I could remember him—or rather his name. (*Thinks.*) Um-m-m-m, oh, I wonder now—yes, I do believe it is Mr. Claremont, the awfully swell golf player—no, that was Dicky Warburton. Dear me, how aggravating to have the recollection so near and yet so far—to know and not to know, as it were. Oh, of course! How could I have forgotten? He is the wonderful Mr. Claremont who plays Shakespearian parts and who is a pet of Mrs. Gordon-Rathburne. I remember how

much his dramatic manner impressed me—I suppose that is why I recognize him to-day.

I'll go and speak to him. Of course he will not remember me—he meets such crowds of people during the year, but he will certainly recall our being at Mrs. Gordon-Rathburne's. I remember his soulful eyes and expressive countenance perfectly. He impresses one instantly as being above ordinary mortals. Perhaps it isn't just the thing for me to speak to him, especially as I am traveling without a chaperon, but it will relieve the monotony of my trip and will be all right, since he is in our set. (*Crosses stage.*) Pardon me, but this is Mr. Claremont, isn't it? Of course you don't remember me—you meet so many people, but we were together at Mrs. Gordon-Rathburne's house party. No, no, please don't try to apologize for not recognizing me. My feelings aren't hurt a bit—you can't remember every one and we were only together a few days. I am Miss Winthrop, the Winthrops of Philadelphia, you know, not Boston. (*Laughs.*) Now, if I had been dear little Edith Tremaine, whom you kept out on the lake in the moonlight while you recited Shakespeare to her until she was sick—not from the Shakespeare, you know, but from taking cold, you might have remembered me better. Oh, don't try to protest—of course you couldn't help admiring her—such a dear girl, very pretty, too, and looks so much younger than she really is. And, oh, have you heard that she is to be married? A western millionaire—though they say he is quite as nice as if he were really poor and ever so attractive. They say she has done very well in securing him—though after her years of practice she ought to be able to do well at matrimonial fishing. Oh, no, now I know what you want to say—but I'm not going to give you the opportunity. I'm not jealous—why, we're the best of friends and I'm to be one of the bridesmaids.



And isn't it sad about dear Mrs. Gordon-Rathburne? Such an overwhelming sorrow to her. Of course, you know all the particulars of her husband's death? She takes it so hard—they say she really loved him—and they had been married fifteen years. Quite romantic, isn't it? And they claim he was as devoted to her as when they were first married. Oh, yes, I know what you want to say, Mr. Claremont. You are going to say that lots of husbands remain devoted lovers, but I shall not give you the opportunity to say it, because you know it isn't so. Oh, and I suppose you have heard about poor Bertie Rossiter. You remember he sang tenor so beautifully in our Midnight Moonlight Musicals. Lost every thing he had speculating in stocks. But the poor boy was dreadfully brave over it, and what do you think? He got a position in a—oh, a something or other in New York and went to working for wages. Wasn't that lovely—just like a novel? Or like a bargain store—reduced from \$100,000 to \$1.98. And the young lady he was engaged to wouldn't give him up because of his poverty, so they were married and are doing light housekeeping in a flat. I think it is just lovely for them to be so courageous, but I am sure those things are much nicer to hear about than to experience.

What a delightful time we had at Mrs. Gordon-Rathburne's last summer—such a select, congenial company and such a charming hostess! And don't you remember what a delightful time we had getting up the tableaux? And how beautifully you played the Judge to Edith Tremaine's Maud Muller? You quite made us think you were really smitten with dear Edith—and I believe you were, too, only men are so uncertain. No, no, I shall not let you deny it, for you know it is quite true. Do you know, Mr. Claremont, anyone would recognize you as being an actor—your face is so soulfully expressive and



your manner so dramatic. Oh, no, please don't try to say I want to flatter you—compliments are so commonplace, especially to one of your public popularity. But really I hardly think I should have recognized you to-day if it had not been for your Shakespearian air.

Do you know, I'm traveling alone. My aunt, Mrs. Winthrop Merrill was taken ill—not severely, of course—just before we were to start, and as I am to meet a party of friends this evening, I came on alone. I am ever so glad I met you, because one has to be so exclusive when traveling that it is a relief to meet one of one's own set—even though you didn't remember me at all. No, no, don't try to offer an apology—you know I said I didn't expect you, a man of renown, to remember an unconsequential being like myself. But really, Mr. Claremont, do you know you haven't said a word about yourself. I suppose you are still with the same company? Do tell me all about your work—I often see your successes recounted in the papers. What? Sir? Not Mr. Claremont? Indeed, sir, may I ask who you are? What? A traveling salesman? Why didn't you tell me so? The idea, sir, of placing a lady in such a precarious situation. You tried to explain? Indeed, you must have tried hard not to have attracted my observation. Why, my equilibrium is completely unbalanced, my equipoise is shattered, my composure is destroyed! Indeed, I am completely unnerved! A traveling salesman and I a Winthrop of Philadelphia!

## DIGESTING THE NEWSPAPER.

SCENE: *A home.*

MRS. HUCKLEBERRY *discovered reading the news.*

MRS. HUCKLEBERRY. La me, I guess fer a wonder I've got my work done up so's I can set down a few minutes an' read the newspaper. I've been awful fond of readin' ever sence I was a girl—my folks used to have to hide books to keep 'em away from me. But it does seem like I don't git much time fer books an' papers now days. W'y, land sakes, I do believe I shed two teacupfuls of tears when I read Dora Thorn, an' when I read Lena Rivers I cried till my eyes was awful red an' ma wanted to know what in the world was the matter. Course I was 'shamed to tell 'er I'd bin cryin' over a love story, so I said I had the nooralgy, an' if you'll believe it, purty soon she saw the docter ridin' by an' she called 'im in an' asked 'im what to do fer my nooralgy. My land, I didn't know what to do, but jes' then ma had to run out doors an' shoo a hen outen the pansy bed an' while she was gone I told the docter the truth—'cause I knew he wouldn't tell—an' he said, "W'y, bless your heart, I jes' about cried over that book myself when I read it," an' when ma come in he told 'er I had a little touch of nooralgy of the feelin's, but if she'd give me some catnip tea an' put me to bed early I'd be all right the next day. Oh, la yes, I used to be an awful hand to read.

I wonder what's in the paper this week. (*Begins*

*to look it over.*) Fer pity sakes! It tells 'bout a prom'nent lawyer down in Kentucky that had jes' gone to the court house an' was shot twict, once in the rotundy an' once in the corridor. Now, wasn't that turrible? I don't understand these highfalutin' Latin names they've got fer the parts of the body, so I don't know whether the rotundy means lights er liver', er whether the corridor's in the head er the feet, but if that poor man was hit in both the rotundy an' the corridor his sufferin's must a bin turrible. I don't wonder he died.

Wal, wal, here it tells 'bout a nuther man that's dead—an' it calls 'im a celebrated antiquarian. Now, if it jes' don't beat all how many newfangled kinds er religion they is now days. They have dreatful big-soundin' names fer some of 'em, but I have my doubts 'bout their bein' real sound orthydox. Antiquarian! Hum, I don't care 'bout style in my religion—jes' give me the plain, old-fashioned Babtists with their free use of water an' theology. I know 'bout the Presbyterians an' the Uniterians, but the Antiquarians is new to me. Mebbe they're Christian all right, but their name sounds dreatful kind of heathenish.

Humph! I declare if they ain't sent off an' bought two gondolas to put on the lake in the big park in New York. I've heerd tell how they had swans an' pel'cans an' sech like floatin' round on the lakes in them big parks an' I s'pose these gondolas are some-thin' real han'some. They must be dreatful fine 'cause it says they paid three hunderd an' fifty dollars fer the two. Like a nuff they got a pair an' are goin' to let 'em hatch some more, an' after awhile they'll have a lot a little gondolars floatin' round—only I bet they won't look no nicer'n my flock of young goslin's. I do jes' think little ducks an' goslin's are awful cute—though like a nuff them gondolars has got more style. I wonder if they're short

an' fat like ducks, er got long legs like storks an' pel'cans, er if they look like swans. I'd like real well to see one, specially as they cost so much.

My, this does seem good to set down an' get time to enjoy the news. I guess they ain't nuthin' I like better'n readin' less it's talkin'—an' eatin'. I like to take my time readin' the paper through, too. Some folks skim over it so fast they don't know what they've read, but I don't do that. I digest a newspaper an' know what's in it when I git through.

Oh, my sakes—here's somethin' dreatful. (*Reads from paper.*)

"A terrible catastrophe occurred at Jonesville yesterday when the way freight struck John Burgess in the switching yards, instantly loosing the silver cord and breaking the golden bowl."

Dear, dear, how awful! When I was young it was the Injuns with tommyhawks that was allus killin' off somebody, an' nowadays it's these railroad track injuns that's allus doin' somethin' dreatful. Where'd it say it hit 'im? (*Looks at paper.*) Struck 'im in the switchin' yards. Wal, I snum! What part of the humen 'natomy is the switchin' yards? Some folks like to put the switchin' on one part an' some on a nuther. My brother Si allus wanted ma to switch him on the legs an' then he'd dance so dreatful that ma'd think she was most killin' 'im an' he'd git off easy. In the switchin' yards! Oh. pshaw now, what a goose I be! It's a talkin' 'bout the part the track where the injun was switchin' round when it hit 'im. Now, lots a folks wouldn't a thought of that, but I believe in understandin' what I'm readin'. I like to digest things. Now what's the rest? (*Reads:*)

"Instantly loosing the silver cord and breaking the golden bowl."

Whatever in the world do you s'pose he was carryin' a silver cord an' a gold bowl for? W'y, I

never saw a gold bowl in my life. He must a bin awful rich to have sech things—though a silver cord ain't very expensive. That must a bin his watch chain, but I don't see what the gold bowl was for. I wonder if it killed 'im? (*Reads again:*)

"A terrible catastrophe occurred at Jonesville yesterday when the way freight struck John Burgess in the switching yards, instantly loosing the silver cord and breaking the golden bowl."

La, me, now ain't that funny—it don't say whether it killed 'im er not? I'd like to know. I believe in digestin' a newspaper.

Pity sakes! Here comes Joshua to supper, an' I ain't read a word of the continued story 'bout "Luella's Misfortunes, or Wedded to a Bandit." Wal, I can git time fer that after the supper work's done up. Duty 'fore pleasure, I say, whether you're married er single, but specially if yer married an' got a hungry husban'. Now, I mus'n't fergit to tell Joshua 'bout all these things I've jes' read—he likes to hear me tell 'em better'n to read 'em himself 'cause he says I make 'em so kinder plain to 'im when I tell 'em that he don't have to study out what they mean.

## BEHIND THE PALMS.

SCENE: *A secluded retreat at a fashionable ball.*

*Enter DOROTHY VERNON and ROLAND DOUGLAS.*

SHE.

Oh, what a delightful little cozy corner here behind the palms—quite an ideal place to sit out a dance.

HE.

And are you really sure you are willing to give up this waltz, Miss Dorothy? We can dance if you prefer.

SHE.

No, indeed, I am simply longing for a few minutes' rest, and this is such an enchanting little spot—we get just the right volume of music, too. How exquisite those tender strains are—just sad enough to make one comfortably melancholy. I do believe I'm the least bit tired.

HE.

You have had a busy day, I suppose?

SHE.

Oh, the usual quota, at least. A canter over the hills this morning, luncheon at Madame DuBarry's—such a stupid affair—an afternoon on the golf links—a delightful game with Bertie Leighton—tea with the Claybournes and now—this.

HE.

And yet you look as fresh as if you had spent the day resting, preparing for this strenuous occasion.

SHE.

Oh, it's my duty to look fresh. How dreadful it would be for me, at the tender age of—oh, you needn't think I'm really going to tell you how old I am—to look worn and faded. Women, like roses, are cherished for their beauty. Who is coming this way? Oh, Clara Golding and Captain Lawrence. I do hope they won't stray 'in here. How tremendously in love with him Clara is, poor girl.

HE.

And why do you call her "poor girl," pray?

SHE.

Because she is conducting an illy-planned campaign. In the first place, she is too much in love with the Captain, and in the second she shows it far too plainly. Now when I fall in love—

HE.

*(In great surprise.)*

What? Haven't you ever.

SHE.

Ever what? Fallen in love? Of course not—have you?

HE.

Certainly—many times, but always—with the same girl.

SHE.

Oh—then you must fall out occasionally or—you couldn't fall in again.

HE.

Yes, I do. The fact is I'm usually out; it is only on special occasions, when I can't help it, that I am in.



SHE.

(*Wonderingly.*)

Why, how funny, Mr. Douglas.

HE.

Funny? Not at all. On the contrary, it is very sad. It darkens every day of my existence.

SHE.

(*Slowly.*)

Really, I don't believe I understand you at all, Mr. Douglas.

HE.

Well, you see, it is this way—she doesn't love me and treats me with such indifference that at times I force myself to hate her.

SHE.

But, how can you hate her when you are in love with her?

HE.

It is hard, but I have to do something. I don't want to commit suicide.

SHE.

(*Severely.*)

Why not hate yourself?

HE.

Oh, I do—because I'm not more her sort, you know, and fascinating, lovable and all that.

SHE.

No, I wouldn't hate myself—that is bad for the digestion; causes dyspepsia—or is it melancholia? No matter, they are the same thing.

HE.

(*Musingly.*)

I might expend my hate on them.

SHE.

Them? Who?

HE.

My rivals!

SHE.

*(Seriously.)*

Are they worth thinking about?

HE.

She seems to think they are worth thinking about, at least.

SHE.

Perhaps you only think she thinks—oh, oh, do gaze through the palms and see fat Miss Tonn waltzing with that tiny Mr. Siebert. I always think, “Oh, to be nothing, nothing,” when I see him. And watch Fred Dickerson strolling this way with Hortense Oliver, gazing at her with an adoring look when he doesn’t mean a thing by it. Men are so queer.

HE.

And women are so—dear—at least a certain one is to me.

SHE.

*(Confidentially.)*

I suppose you have told her about—your love?

HE.

Why should a man proclaim to a woman that which is stamped on his every look and action?

SHE.

But perhaps she is near-sighted.

HE.

I wonder, now, if that is why she sits so close to my chiefest rival.

SHE.

(*Consolingly.*)

But maybe he isn't really your rival after all.

HE.

At least we won't be rivals after to-morrow.

SHE.

Not after to-morrow? Why not?

HE.

Because he will have a clear field. I'm going on a western trip, hunt up a location on the frontier and go to work.

SHE.

(*Quickly.*)

And you are going away? Away to stay?

HE.

To-morrow, and to stay. I am inflicting myself on you now to say goodbye. I start early.

SHE.

Oh, Jackson Du Boise is coming this way scanning the crowd with an eagle eye. I do believe (*looks at card*), yes, this is his dance.

HE.

Of course I must not detain you. How selfish of me to keep you in seclusion.

SHE.

(*Reproachfully.*)

Oh, if you want to get rid of me—but what of your love? I have read that he who fights and runs away shall—

HE.

Yes, I know. I shall have to keep fighting against it, but at least I shall not be driven to despair by her presence. I am not going away to forget her—that is impossible. Long years from now when you are happy as Mrs.—

SHE.

(*Firmly.*)

I shall never, never marry!

HE.

(*Aghast.*)

Never what?

SHE.

Marry—it's a short word, but it means a whole lot.

HE.

And why not?

SHE.

Well—yes, I think I shall tell you. I told you a fib a while ago. I have loved, yes, really, but he—deserted me—and

HE.

(*Weakly.*)

Why, why, Miss Dorothy, I didn't know—I never guessed. (*Angrily.*) The brute, how could he? And did he—know you cared?

SHE.

I never told him so, for he never asked me, but he must have known. Isn't life queer? How many women do you suppose there are in this brilliant mass of gaiety who are carrying aching hearts beneath their laughter?

HE.

I am so sorry, Miss Dorothy, to know that you have suffered, too. I hope that—in time it may come out all right. If you—really care—

SHE.

Oh, I do, truly.

HE.

Now if I were a woman—

SHE.

If I were a man—

HE.

Would to heaven you were! If you were a man I shouldn't care whom you married.

SHE.

If I were a man I should not love a woman—or pretend to—and not tell her so. I would go in like a conqueror and win her in spite of everything.

HE.

(*Incredulously.*)

Oh, but—

SHE.

And I wouldn't stand back for a rival—one who never really existed, you know, and—leave him the whole field when she didn't care for him—not a single bit.

HE.

Dorothy! Why—

SHE.

And I should never desert a woman—when she cared, that is. No, I'd be imperious and take her in my arms and tell her she must love me and that I should marry her anyway.

HE.

(*Brokenly.*)

Oh, I do—I will—you must love me. (*Takes her in his arms.*) No, darling, no one can see us. Tell me I may try to win your love. I shall not give you up, dear heart, not even to the man who deserted you. (*Kisses her.*)

SHE.

(*Laughing.*)

Oh, but he didn't desert me—he isn't going to-morrow. Do be careful, dearest, you'll rumple my hair.

## A LAPSE OF MEMORY.

SCENE: *Drawing-room.*DISCOVERED, *young* MRS. MARVEL.

MRS. MARVEL.

Oh, dear, I think life is just horrid, and this crazy old world is horrid, and man is the horriddest thing in it. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes.*) But I won't cry—it makes me look so—so washed-out. Jack says I resemble a faded piece of furniture in a second-hand store when I cry—oh, Jack is so mean! I can't bear him! And to think that when he's the only man in the world I can't endure he's the only one I'm married to. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes.*) But I won't cry—when a woman is in trouble she should preserve her beauty as sort of a—a prop. I'll just look pensive instead. (*Throws herself into a chair in graceful attitude of despair.*) I wonder if this style of sorrowful posture becomes me—or is this more fetching? (*Assumes another pensive attitude.*) I must practice on it so that when the affair becomes public and people call to offer sympathy I shall make a sad impression. I wonder if this wouldn't be more effective? (*Strikes attitude of extreme sorrow.*) Of course my attitude of despair won't affect Jack any—he's one of those unemotional machines that's not moved by soulful things. Why, the other day when he said he was too busy to go to the musicale with me I sat down in the loveliest heart-broken position, like this (*suits action to word*), and looked at him like this (*suits action to word*), enough to

melt the feelings of a cement sidewalk—but he only said (*sobs*), he said, "Great Scott, Evelyn, what you acting that way for? Got the stomach ache? Ain't going to have appendicitis are you?" Oh, I just think that when a man's feelings are dead his whole anatomy ought to die—so there! (*Knock is heard.*) Come in. (*Enter MAGGIE, the cook.*) Oh, is it you, Maggie? What do you want?

MAGGIE.

An' shure, mum, Oi do be wantin' to know what ye'll be wishin' me to cook? What do ye be wantin' to hev on yer signboard fer dinner, mum?

MRS. MARVEL.

On my signboard? Dear me, Maggie, do you mean on the menu? You must endeavor to civilize yourself, Maggie.

MAGGIE.

All right, mum, we'll call it a me-an'-you, if ye wishes, fer shure it's me an' you that's a doin' this plannin'. An' how'll ye want the peraties cooked to-day? Would ye be after havin' 'em baked er biled with their hides on?

MRS. MARVEL.

Oh, Maggie, don't say hides—why, it sounds just like old boots. Say skins, or boiled with their jackets on.

MAGGIE.

Jackets er pants, mum, it's all the same to me. (*Laughs.*) Jest say how you wants 'em. Mebbe ye'll like 'em baked?

MRS. MARVEL.

No, we won't have them baked. (*Aside.*) Jack likes them baked better than any other way, and I sha'n't please him by humoring his appetite. (*To MAGGIE.*) Tell me, Maggie, do you know of some real horrid way to cook potatoes?



MAGGIE.

(*Thinks.*)

Shure, now, mum, I think about the worst Oi knows of is to let 'em bile dry an' scorch onto the bottom of the kittle.

MRS. MARVEL.

Oh, that's the very thing! (*Aside.*) I'm not going to be the only one to suffer. If Jack's feelings can't be hurt I'll punish him through his appetite. I believe he's got two stomachs and no heart, anyway. Oh, dear, maybe he's like a camel and has seven stomachs—one for every day in the week. (*To MAGGIE.*) Now, Maggie, you cook them just that way and make them as dreadful as you can.

MAGGIE.

The saints presarve us, mum! What'll poor Mистер Jack say to that—an' him so fond of peraties, mum?

MRS. MARVEL.

Never mind Mr. Jack—cook them as I say. Then you can have beefsteak, tomatoes (*aside*)—Jack hates tomatoes—and tapioca pudding. You will find out when you are married, Maggie, that husbands need discipline.

MAGGIE.

(*Aside.*)

Discapline, is it? Divil a bit do Oi know what that manes—Oi s'pose it's a newfangled name fer scorched peraties, but Oi knows Oi'll not be afther feedin' 'em to Dinnis Maginnis, bliss his soul, afther we're tied up—bliss the happy day. (*To MRS. MARVEL.*) All right, mum, Oi'll do me best to spile the peraties. Oi guess that's all, mum. (*Exit.*)

## MRS. MARVEL.

Oh, dear! (*Walks back and forth.*) I hope Maggie will have just a horribly dreadful dinner—Jack always comes home so hungry. Why should a woman be bothered with a husband if there isn't some satisfaction in living with him, and what satisfaction is there in a husband who neglects his wife? And when I tell Jack he neglects me he just laughs. Laughs! Laughs! To think that this is my birthday, and he forgot all about it. My birthday! Such an important day—why, if it hadn't been for my birthday I'd never been born—I mean—well, anyway, it's just shameful in Jack to forget it. Why, this morning I waited and waited for him to give me a present, and finally I said, "What day is this, Dovie?" thinking to punch his memory a bit, and he said, "Why, Wednesday, of course. Can't you remember a little thing like that?" "Yes, but what special day is it?" I asked, and he said, "Gracious, that's so—it's the day for the board meeting of the X Y Corporation. Good thing you reminded me of it." The idea! Board meeting! Board meeting! If it was a whole lumber-yard meeting it wouldn't be as important as my birthday! And my husband forgot it. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes and sobs.*) But I sha'n't cry—I'll—I'll get a divorce. Why, I always give him presents. His last birthday I gave him the lovely new rug for the reception hall—but I wish I had only given him half a dozen bone collar-buttons at five cents a dozen. The idea of his forgetting my birthday. Of course, he doesn't love me any more. When I married I supposed that

Men may come and men may go,  
But love goes on forever.

Now, however, I know that  
Husbands come, and husbands go,  
But Love's a fickle rover.

Oh, why did I marry? Why didn't I be a—a superintendent of an orphans' home or a deaconess, or do rescue work in the slums, or something noble? And to think of the way Jack used to make love to me before we were married. What did I do with that old letter I came across the other day? (*Thinks.*) Oh, yes, I put it in my scrapbook. (*Gets letter and looks it over.*) I really wonder if he would recognize this as his sentiments of courting days. (*Listens.*) I believe Jack is coming now. I'll give him a dose of this effusion. (*Fixes letter in book, so it can be read without JACK'S seeing it.*)

JACK.

(*Entering.*)

Hello! Everything been all right to-day? Dinner most ready? I'm hungry as an ostrich.

MRS. MARVEL.

(*Coldly.*)

I suppose that means you can eat nails and cobs and pebbles?

JACK.

I may be able to stand the pebbles for dessert if I can have a good fill of Maggie's baked "peraties" first. Dinner most ready?

MRS. MARVEL.

Oh, I guess not yet. Jack, I want to ask you something. Do you love me any longer?

JACK.

Any longer than what? You are five feet nine, I believe. Of course, I don't love you any longer than that—if I did it wouldn't be you I was loving. (*Laughs.*)

MRS. MARVEL.

(*Aside.*)

Oh, how heartlessly he evades my question. (To JACK.) Jack, I want to know. Do you love me?

JACK.

Great heavens, Evelyn, what do you suppose I am paying your dressmaker bills, your milliner bills, theater bills, doctor and dentist bills, to say nothing of buying you flowers, candy and a beaver coat for, if it isn't for love? Think I'm doing it just for amusement? (*Laughs.*)

MRS. MARVEL.

Well, I have something here I want to read you. I wonder if you ever felt as the man did who wrote this. (*Reads:*)

"Light of my Soul: Like the ceaseless, surging breakers of the billowy ocean, my heart throbs with love and longing for you. When I am separated from you I am like the traveler lost on the vast stretches of desolate Sahara, longing for the charms of the beautiful oasis. I am as—"

JACK.

See here, Evelyn, don't you ever believe a man wrote that driveling gibberish. Some old maid lecturer of woman's rights did it.

MRS. MARVEL.

(*Reading.*)

"The sun may shine, the silver moon shed her sheeny radiance upon the earth, the myriad stars twinkle like scintillating diamonds in the arched dome of heaven, but for me there is no brightness save in the light of thy glorious presence."

JACK.

And you think a man wrote that! (*Laughs heartily.*) Why, a fellow would be ashamed to look at

himself in the mirror long enough to get on his necktie if he were guilty of such sentimentality. Sheeny radiance and scintillating diamonds! (*Laughs as before.*) I'll grant that love makes men—er—inclined—er—to foolishness, but show me the man who would go in as steep as that. (*Points to book from which MRS. MARVEL is reading.*)

MRS. MARVEL.

(*Aside.*)

Oh, I'll show him to you soon, Sir Scornful. (*Sadly.*) No, he hasn't a spark of love for me left in his fickle body. I shall have to get a divorce. (*To JACK.*) Just one more sentence, dear—it is so beautiful. (*Reads:*)

“Could my love take solid form, the loftiest pyramids would be as a grain of sand compared to it, and when you are mine it shall be my constant endeavor to—”

JACK.

Shades of Cæsar, Evelyn, stop it! Why are you dosing me with this crazy ranting of a weak-minded maniac—and me with an empty stomach, too. You might at least have waited until I'd had dinner.

MRS. MARVEL.

A man did write this—a wicked man who has turned out to be—

JACK.

No wonder he turned out bad after such an effort as that. I used to write you love letters sometimes, but nothing along this style of literature.

MRS. MARVEL.

(*Approaching him and waving the paper tragically.*)

You better look at this, Mr. John Marvel! You better look—you wrote it yourself—this driveling gibberish of an old maid, this crazy ranting of a weak-minded—

JACK.

*(Looking at letter in surprise.)*

Er—why—oh, come now *(laughs sheepishly)*—I never—I didn't—

MRS. MARVEL.

You did! You wrote that when I was at Lake George.

JACK.

Well—er *(laughs in great confusion)*. Well—why, you had me pretty well dazed, didn't you, dearie? I—er—

MRS. MARVEL.

And now, after decoying me with such bait as that *(points to letter)* and leading me into matrimonial unhappiness, now you great, unemotional, soulless man, you don't even remember that this is my birthday. You don't love me *(sobs)* and I'm going to get a di—*(sobs)* a di—

JACK.

You'll have to get a dye and color your pretty eyes over if you weep all the blue out of them. *(Laughs.)* Come, come now, my darling. *(Attempts to put his arm about her.)*

MRS. MARVEL.

*(Angrily.)*

I shall get a divorce. A divorce, sir, immediately!

JACK.

A divorce! *(Laughs.)* Oh, come now. *(Laughs.)*  
A divorce—why, my dear! *(Laughs.)*

MRS. MARVEL.

*(In loud, angry tone, stamping her foot.)*

A divorce, immediately!

JACK.

My love, you are wearing out a five-dollar pair of shoes on a fifty-dollar rug—do be careful—though you're great as a tragedy queen. (*Laughs.*) But, by the way, here is a little—er—birthday gift. It wasn't ready when I stopped for it last night, so I am a little late with it, but I hope you'll like it. (*Hands her a box.*)

MRS. MARVEL.

(*Opening box.*)

A diamond sunburst! Oh, you sweet darling—you great, dear, beautiful old honey! Isn't it lovely? Won't it look sweet on me? (*Holds it against her gown.*) I knew you wouldn't forget my birthday—you're just the loveliest man in all this blessed old world.



## ASSISTING UNCLE JOE.

SCENE: *A railway train.*

*Discovered, YOUNG MASTER TEDDY, taking a trip.*

TEDDY.

Gee, it's good in Uncle Joe to take me on the cars with 'im. We're goin' to Barneyville to visit gran'ma. I jes' love to ride on the cars—it makes you feel all jiggly inside an' gits you awful hungry. Gran'ma has jes' heaps of good stuff to eat—w'y, she has sech lots 'at they don't ever git 'em all et up an' they's allus some on the buttery shelves fer little boys to lunch on. Yes-sir-ee!

Uncle Joe, he's awful good an' got lots er money an' things—ma says all 'e lacks is a wife, but 'e don't faver matermony. He says Wimmin's like flowers—'eys nicest 'fore you pick 'em. But you bet I'm goin' to git married w'en I'm big, an' w'en my wife wants money fer a new silk pettycoat all trimmed with ruffles, I'll tell 'er jes' like pa does ma, "You hain't sewed them buttons back on my shirt, an' you hain't darnt my socks, ner sewed up 'at rip in my pants, an' you hain't ernt no silk pettycoat."

An' then my wife'll git 'er arms roun' my neck an' tease an' I'll tell 'er not to cry on my clean shirt front, 'cawse the lawndery bill ain't paid yit, an' bimeby I'll give 'er the money an' say it's the las' darnt cent I got, an' she'll kiss me an' say she's awful glad she married me 'stead er all the res' that wanted 'er. Yes-sir-ee, you bet I'll git married! Pa says ma leads him a merry chase, an' ma laffs an' says,

"W'y, Dovie, you wouldn't hev no fun in life if it wasn't fer me."

Gee—these cars is goin' awful fast—I bet they're runnin' away—but I ain't skeert. I wouldn't—be skeert—if they run—plumb offen the track—only I don't want ter git hurt.

Uncle Joe, he's in the smokin' car, an' 'e sed if I's lonesum I could go an' talk to that little girl over there. (*Points.*) Huh, she's got freckles an' looks like she's 'fraid er boys. Aw, I don't like girls—all they's good fer's to make wifes of w'en they's big. But it's lots a fun to tease 'em. (*Laughs.*) At school I do this to the girls (*makes up dreadful face*), an' the other day Bessie Smith laffed so the teacher made 'er stay after school. My, she was mad at me. (*Laughs.*)

Oh, gee, w'at a awful fat man a sittin' over there! (*Giggles.*) He looks jes' like 'e'd swallered a balloon. I bet sister Nell 'u'd like to hev 'im sit on 'er botterny spec'mens an' press 'em. Ma says if I eat lots a potatoes it'll make me big, an' I bet he's et 'bout a bushel to a time.

Oh—I g'ess—I better wipe my nose. (*Gets out handkerchief and rubs his nose straight up several times.*) Ma telled me sure not to forgit to wipe my nose. (*Rubs it again.*) Don't feel like they's nothin' in it to wipe, but ma sed if I didn't mind all she sed she'd write to gran'ma not to give me any pie, 'cawse it made me sick. Las' time I 's there gran'ma says, "Do you want apple er mince pie, Teddy?" An' I sed, "I don't like apple pie very good, so I'll only take one piece of 'at, but I'd like two pieces of mince," an' gran'pa he laffed an' sed, "You jes' give 'im all the pie 'e wants, Sary."

An' well, sir, thet night I drempt they's a great, awful rhyneoceros a dancin' on me an' I waked up. Oh, I had the terrubelist hurt in my stummick, an' I called, "Gran'—ma, oh, gran'—ma-a-a," an' she come

hurryin' in an' says, "What's the matter, dearie? You skeered to sleep alone?" an' I sed, "No-o, I—ain't—skeered—but I'm—I'm awful—sick. They's pains—big's a stovepipe eatin' up—my stummick." (*Hands on stomach and suits actions to words.*) An' gran'ma give me medycine an' rubbed my stummick an' put boilin' cloths on it an' kissed me lots an' tended me awful good.

My, that's a nice young lady sittin' over there. She looks like she'd be awful good to little boys. Her hair is 'most red an' 'er nose is kind of snubby, but she's pretty, anyhow. I bet she'd make a nice wife fer Uncle Joe. Ma says 'e ought to git somebody stylish, an' she's sure swell. I tell you, she ain't got on no bargain store clothes.

Yes-sir-ee, I bet she's jes' the one fer Uncle Joe. I wish they'd git 'quainted. Now, if they'd jes' be a wreck an' folks awful skeered—only nobody hurt—an' Uncle Joe 'u'd pull 'er out the winder an' save 'er life an' fall in love an' say, like they do in the theater:

"Oh, my lovely chromo.

Let me be your Rom'io."

an' she'd cry an' say:

"Oh, you have saved my life

An' I will be your wife,"

an' I'd say, like pa did w'en sister Grace got married, "God bless you both."

I wonder if—oh, here comes the candy man. Yep, you bet. I want some chocolates. Um-hum, ten cents worth. Course I got the money to pay, you skinflint ol' guy. Here, go on now. Aw, don't you give me no sass er I'll have my Uncle Joe git you put offen the train.

Now—yes-sir-ee, I'm goin' to go sit with that nice lady an' give 'er some candy an' tell 'er 'bout Uncle Joe, an' mebbe I can git 'em 'quainted. My, wouldn't ma be proud of me if I helpt git a nice

wife fer uncle? (*Fixes his hair, wipes his nose, spits on his handkerchief and rubs his hands, straightens his tie, brushes off his clothes with his handkerchief and goes across the aisle. To the YOUNG LADY.*) A-hem! Don't you want some my candy? Mebbe it ain't very good! I g'ess I'll sit with you a little while.

YOUNG LADY.

Why, yes, do. Yes, thank you, I'll take a little candy. I like little boys. Are you going very far?

TEDDY.

Um-hum, way up to Barneyville to visit gran'ma. Uncle Joe's takin' me. Oh, Uncle Joe's awful nice. He can make hot biskits, an' whistles, an' play ball with me, an' tell stories, an'—an' ev'rything. He ain't so good lookin' as my pa, but oh, he's awful good. W'y, I bet he's gooder'n most ministers. Ma says she bets he'd make 'bout the best husban' in the world.

YOUNG LADY.

Oh, isn't your uncle married? That is too bad, if he is so lovely. Doesn't he like ladies?

TEDDY.

Um-hum, he likes 'em, only he's—bashful. (*Aside.*) I had to tell 'er that, so's she won't think he don't want 'er. You have to be awful keerful w'en you're makin' matches, ma says. (*To YOUNG LADY.*) Uncle Joe's got lots er money an' a stone house, an'—false teeth—an'—you bet 'e ain't bald, neither.

YOUNG LADY.

I'm sure he must be quite wonderful. Nice uncles are a fine thing for little boys to have.

TEDDY.

Um-hum, w'en I fell offen the top the porch an' busted a hole in my head he held me a awful long

time an' rocked me an' singed like this. (*Sings in mournful tone and little tune:*)

"Dear Teddy fell off inter the dirt,  
An' broke his head an' tore his shirt. (Only it  
was my pants I tore, but uncle couldn't rhyme  
pants.)

Now be good an' do not holler

An' uncle'll give you a great big dollar."

Ma says Uncle Joe can't sing good, but I think 'e  
sings lovely. I wish he'd git married.

YOUNG LADY.

Well, why don't you pick out someone for him  
and be a little matchmaker?

TEDDY.

W'y, I have picked out somebody. She's awful  
nice.

YOUNG LADY.

Indeed! And doesn't your uncle favor her?

TEDDY.

Um-hum—I think he will when he knows. I jes'  
picked 'er out a little while ago. It's you.

YOUNG LADY.

Oh, my sakes! You dear little fellow! What is  
your uncle's name?

TEDDY.

W'y, Uncle Joseph Edward Barlow.

YOUNG LADY.

(*Great surprise.*)

Joe Barlow! Oh, dear—yes, he is nice. I know  
him quite well.

TEDDY.

An' does 'e know you, too?

YOUNG LADY.

Why, yes, of course, if he hasn't forgotten me.

TEDDY.

Oh, here's uncle now. (*Calls.*) Uncle Joe, come here. Oh, uncle, here's a awful nice lady that knows you, an' I jes' love 'er, an' I've picked—

YOUNG LADY.

(*Hastily.*)

Oh, how do you do, Mr. Barlow? Your dear little nephew and I have been getting acquainted.

TEDDY.

Um-hum, an' I think she'd make a awful nice aunt, an'—

UNCLE JOE.

(*Very hastily.*)

Ted, old fellow, here's a dollar if you'll go and sit in that seat awhile, so Miss Winslow and I can visit.

TEDDY.

You bet! (*Goes across aisle and sits.*) Gee, you bet he's talkin' to 'er jes' like ev'rything. My, I wisht he'd put his arm roun' 'er like they did at the theater, er hold 'er hand. Oh, I bet I'm a match-maker. 'Er face's awful red an' I bet uncle's sayin':

“Oh, my lovely chromo,  
Lemme be your Rom'o.”

## AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

## SCENE I.

SCENE: *On the golf links.*

*Discovered, EDITH BALFOUR and CLAUDE MARSHALL  
in the progress of a game.*

SHE.

*(In surprise.)*

Claude Marshall, I do believe you're proposing to me.

HE.

*(Firmly.)*

Yes, my dear, I am. That is, I am trying to.

SHE.

What? Again?

HE.

*(Humbly.)*

It only makes the third time.

SHE.

*(In annoyance.)*

Yes, the third time in less than a year. The idea of your decoying me out here, away from the others, just to ask me to marry you, when you know that I won't.

HE.

But you know, Edith, that—



SHE.

Why don't you think of the game? You have even been playing worse than usual to-day.

HE.

(*Ruefully.*)

Yes, I know I'm a duffer at golf, but if you marry me, Edith, I—

SHE.

(*Scornfully.*)

The idea of marrying a man I can beat three up.

HE.

(*Warmly.*)

Oh, if all you want in a husband is a fellow who can go round the game like a racehorse and come out a perspiring victor, you better marry that fat Jones.

SHE.

(*Sweetly.*)

Do you think so? I have thought of it, but he puffs so and gets red in the face and has such a dreadful way of mopping his face and saying, "pouf."

HE.

(*Suspiciously.*)

Has that idiot been making love to you?

SHE.

Idiot? Why, he is the best player in the club.

HE.

Edith, if you allow him to make love to you I'll—I'll punch him.

SHE.

(*Stiffly.*)

I think we had better start back now. Do see if you can't brace up on your playing.

HE.

But you haven't answered me yet.

SHE.

Answered you what? Come on to the tee. Now watch me make a good drive. Oh, I topped some—never mind. A good brassie-stroke will put me well to the fore.

HE.

But about marrying me, Edith? I'm sort of a duffer at making love as well as at golf, but you know how much I care for you. I have little to offer you besides a clean life and a true heart, but I'm climbing in my profession, dear, if I can't play golf, and perhaps some day—

SHE.

*(Looking intently at him.)*

Claude, you are quite, quite handsome, but I'm not contemplating putting on the yoke of double blessedness. Now, take a long, clean stroke and get well up toward the tenth hole.

HE.

Very well. Where's my stick? Er, club, I mean, though it really is a stick. After all the years I have loved you—

SHE.

*(Laughing.)*

Oh, many, many years. It is something over two since we first met.

HE.

*(Stiffly.)*

I measure time by heart throbs. There, that was a good drive, wasn't it? Even if I'm not puffy Jones. Now, in regard to our affair, I have a proposition to make.

SHE.

(*Quickly.*)

So have I. Let's see if we can't each reach the green in three. Now see me sustain my reputation for good putting.

HE.

(*Following her.*)

I can make love and play golf at the same—

SHE.

(*Scornfully.*)

Attempt to play it, you mean.

HE.

Whereas you seem to be unable to divide your attention. I am going to call this evening at eight for your answer.

SHE.

Why, I did answer! I said no! Now put your mind on your drives and science in your strokes and let's not speak till we get to the bunker over there.

HE.

Very well, but I shall call this evening at eight. We will talk this over, Edith, and if you persist in your "no," I promise not to ask you again.

## SCENE II.

SCENE: *Living room.*

*Discovered, MISS EDITH in an easy chair.*

SHE.

(*As if addressing maid.*)

No, I think there is nothing else I want now, Marie. You can go. Oh, bring me the afternoon mail, will you? I'll look it over while I rest. (*Takes letters and looks them over.*) Here is one from Madame La Monte. The bill for my last party

gown, I suppose. I may as well open it first and have the agony over. (*Opens and glances it over.*) Whew! Five hundred dollars! Won't the pater dance a hornpipe of despair! Well, I looked simply stunning, anyway. Elaine Goodrich was nowhere beside me. (*Opens second.*) Ah, an invitation to a week's end at Mrs. Stuyvesant-Barry's. No end stiff and swell, I suppose, though she is entertaining because she says so many mean things about folks without a mean feeling toward the one she talks about. It is these people who say mean things because they feel mean that I can't stand. Mrs. Stuyvesant-Barry is so cordial in her slashing that it is quite enjoyable. (*Opens a third and looks it through.*) Oh, from Maurice Carrington. Hum-m-m-m—well—did I ever! A proposal! Won't mamma be wild with delight? She regards him as exceedingly eligible. As Mrs. Maurice Carrington I shall be a social power, a society queen, mistress of a mansion, the dispenser of millions. I shall have a summer residence, a winter residence, a bungalow in the mountains, a cottage at the seaside, touring cars, yachts, and—what not! Yes, mamma will certainly regard this as the victor's palm. Wonder—oh, I didn't finish reading it. (*Scans page.*) Dear me, he is coming at eight this evening for his answer—certainly an ardent wooer. I wonder what I shall tell him? (*Musingly.*) At eight this evening—that doesn't give me much time for thinking. Why—why, Claude is coming at eight! Hum-m-m-m, poor, dear Claude, what show has he beside Maurice Carrington? (*Walks back and forth.*) Mr. Carrington is getting bald and his face shines and his eyes are little and sort of—of snakish, and his hands are cold and dry and he rubs them together and says (*action of rubbing hands*), "Miss Balford—ah"—ugh! And he wants to marry me! He is cold and cynical and blasé and rich! Now Claude—(*drops into chair and*

*rests head on her hand, while a tender light comes into her eyes*), Claude is good and pure and true and poor and—I love him. At eight this evening! What shall I do? On the one hand a lover, on the other a mere man with millions. Dear mamma wouldn't sit so calmly there on the veranda, toying with her embroidery, if she knew what a fire-and-water pickle I'm in. Yes, a pickle to know whether to choose the vinegary Mr. Carrington. If I marry him, will I get cold and hard and bitter and disagreeable, as Harriet Payne did when she gave up her lover and married the rich old banker, Harrison? I don't think I should feel very bad to see some other woman spending Mr. Carrington's money, but—to think of some one else as Claude's wife—oh, that is different. How I should hate her! If only Claude were not so good and entertaining and handsome and lovable; if he were not so much in love with me, and if—I didn't love him, it would be different. After all our drives and dances and sails and walks and moonlight confidences, how can I abide that narrow-souled little millionaire? At eight this evening! I wonder how it would seem to live in a funny little flat and patronize the street cars and help do the work and—rock the—babies myself, and be poor and happy with Claude? Poor boy, he's such a dreadful duffer at golf, but he has brains and pluck, and—things that count.

Oh, dear (*sighs*), from some of my dear old ancestors I have inherited too great a portion of feeling to make me a social and matrimonial success. Dear, dear mamma, I hope she never will know what pinnacles of glory she has lost through my loyalty to love—and Claude.

When Mr. Carrington calls, Marie shall say I am not at home and give him a kind little note of regret, but—I shall be in the rose-arbor to meet my lover this evening at eight.

## SELECTIONS SUITABLE FOR ENCORES.

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THE SAD FATE OF MRS. MEHETABLE  
MEDDERS.

MONOLOGIST *comes on and sits down in a dejected attitude, talking in a mournful manner.*

Alack an' alas, I s'pose I might jes' as well face the truth an' yield to the fact, for there ain't no runnin' away from it. I've known for a long time that I had to do it, but that don't make it no easier when the time comes. Yes, much as I dread it, I've to die. I've allus had a horror of it, an' I guess we're most of us alike, for I think pretty much ev'rybody hates to die.

Things is divided into two classes in this world—things we like to do an' them we don't like to do; an' I guess they ain't nothin' I hate worse'n dyin'. The poet says there ain't no death, but we hev to die jes' the same. Yes, I've known all winter it'd hev to come this spring, an' now I s'pose I might as well brace up and make the best of it.

Now, there was Aunt Nancy, she allus looked forward to dyin' with real pleasure, an' Mis' Deacon Stebbins says she don't think they's anything dreatful about it, but it gives me the blues to jes' think of it. Ugh, seems as if I kin see my han's gittin' black already. If we was only sure 'bout things, it'd

be diff'rent, but you never know how dyin's goin' to turn out.

Yes, the poet says to die is gain, an' I s'pose the worst part is the dreadin' of it. Wal, I ain't no hand to whine 'bout things an' I ain't never tried to shirk my duty. I s'pose I may as well cease complainin'. (*Stands up.*) 'Twon't last long, an'll be over 'fore I know it, so I guess I'll go right 'long an' put some water on an' go to—dyein' my ol' grey dress black.

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### LITTLE PETER'S PARLEY.

LITTLE PETER. Aw, that old wood to bring in again—I have to bring it in all the time. I wish wood had legs like a dog, so's it could walk in its own self, an' climb int' the box. I wish somebody'd invent a 'lectricity machine that'd bring in wood. Um-hum, I'm comin' pretty soon. Say, ma, I've got a awful lame back. I don't want to bring in any more wood to-day. W'y, my back's awful bad. I guess I've got—got newmonyia in it. Can't Bridget bring in the wood? Aw, she's allus busy or gone off somewheres. Yes, I'm comin'. Oh, ma, can't I have a couple of cookies 'fore I bring in the wood? I'm so hungry I can't hardly stan' up. Oh, you allus want me to wait. W'y, that was an awful long time ago that I had that bread an' butter. Oh, ma, I don't want to bring in wood. It—it makes me cough so. I jes' bet you want me to bring in wood an' cough an' git consum'sion an' die; an' then who'd bring in your wood, I'd like to know? Say, ma, Henry Grover's mother gives him a penny ev'ry time he fills the woodbox. Will you



give me a penny? Oh, you have, too, got some. I saw a lot in your pocketbook. Well, if I'll bring in the wood, then can I go over to Johnnie Wilson's an' play Indian? Oh, you never want me to go anywhere. You're just as mean to me as you can be. Henry Grover's mother is awful good to him. Um-hum, I'm comin'. Say, ma, can't I work my 'rithmetic first? Teacher says if I don't work my examples better I won't pass. Oh, yes, you think I can do ev'rything to please you an' you won't do anything to please me. Say, ma, I ain't goin' to bring in any wood. I've struck. I ain't goin' to bring in any more till you'll pay me for it. Humph, I don't care if you tell pa. I ain't 'fraid of pa. I'll tell him I've struck an' make him compromise 'fore I'll bring in any more wood. No, sir, I ain't comin' to bring in that wood. I've struck! I ain't got—What's that? Pa? Pa comin'? Um-hum, I'm comin'. I was jes' foolin' when I said I wasn't goin' to bring in wood. (*Very hurried exit.*)

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### SUCH A JOKE!

Oh, Mr. Willis, did you see the awfully funny thing that happened a few minutes ago? No? Well, it—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—was just the most comical affair—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—and such a joke! Grace Rogers—you know how frightfully careless she is—left her hat—ha-ha-ha-ha—her new one with the great bows and pink roses—over on a chair on the veranda—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—and that great fat Gus Ellis—ha-ha-ha-ha—came along and sat plump, square down upon it—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Oh, if you

had seen the expression on his face when some one told him what he had done—ha-ha-ha-ha! Spoil the hat? Why, of course it spoiled it. What do you imagine 200 pounds would do to a wire frame, chiffon cover and silk roses? I didn't see the hat for I had to run over here where I could laugh—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—without hurting Gus's feelings, but I saw the look on the poor fellow's face—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—when they told him what he had done.

Yes, I know how the remains look if I didn't see the hat. And Grace was so proud of it, though I didn't think she looked anything extra in it. Yes, hers was quite a bit like mine, only not so much fussed up. I hope I look better in mine than she did in hers. Dear me, such a joke—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! You don't think it's funny? O my, I do. Gus is as destructive as a cyclone when it comes to sitting on fine millinery—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! He'll pay for it? Why, I shouldn't think so. Grace had no business to leave it on a veranda chair if she didn't want it used for a cushion. I don't know when anything has amused me so much—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Why, here comes Gus with the hat now. I wonder where he is going?

I—What? Gus Ellis—my hat? Let me see. (*Snatches hat and examines it.*) Oh, you great, horrid blundering, awkward booby! How dared you? A joke? I don't see any joke about ruining a five-dollar hat. You shall pay for this hat, Gus Ellis. No business to leave it there? I have a right to leave it where I please and it's your place to see what you're doing. What are you laughing at, Mr. Willis? I'm sure I don't see anything laughable in such a catastrophe as this.

## AUNT DINAH ON MATERMONY.

AUNT DINAH. La, chile, yes, deys a whole lot er states in dis great Union ob ours, but it suttinly peers to me de bigges' one's de state ob matermony. But dey's one t'ing—w'en you doan like a state, sech as Georgy er No'th Car'liny, all you gotter do is ter pack up yer duds an' move out, but w'en you gits in de state ob matermony it ain't bin so easy to trabbel outten ob it. You hab to gitten out by de way of de court; an' 'tain't no sech court as you got 'fore you's married, nedder.

Affer you done tooken a man fer bettah er worsah you kinder sorter hates to gib 'im up no mattah how shif'less an' no 'count he bin. La, yes, honey, dat's so.) W'y dey's jes' heaps an' piles ob wimmins dat's suppo'tin' der no-'count husban's wid hard wo'k radder'n go offen leave 'em fer sum odder woman ter suppo't. (Ain't you ebber done heerd 'bout dat ol' man dey calls Atlas—er sum sech name? Wal, I heerd 'bout 'im. Dey say he had to suppo't de worl' on his shoulders. Yes, he suppo'ted de worl', but I say, who suppo'ted Atlas? Dat what I ask: who suppo'ted Atlas while he suppo'tin' de worl'? W'y, his wife suppo't 'im, in co'se.

Ump, honey, I jes' doan see how it happens dey's so many shif'less pardnahs in de state ob matermony. (De Bible done say dat woman bin created outen one ob man's ribs, but I t'ink from de way dat woman hab to suppo't de fambly, she not only gotten one de man's ribs but mos' his backbone, too. But den dey's allus somethin' to be t'ankful fer—my man

ain't so lazy as some ob 'em. No, Lijah say dat if I buy 'im a plush rockin' cheer to set in while he's turnin' de washin' 'chine, he'll try an' run de washer fer me mos' ebery day.

La, chile, yes, lots ob wimmin gits red ob der husban's. Dey's what you calls grass widders. W'at? Doan you know w'at dat is? W'y, a grass widder's one them ladies dat has to run 'er own lawn mowah. 'Deed, yes!

I s'posin' you heerd 'bout dat Sallie Johnsing 'lopin' wid Jack Price, ain't you? Oh, yes, de 'loperment was er great success, but I'se suttinly mighty skeered dat de marriage is gwine ter be a failure. Wal, I 'clare. (You gotter go? Kain't you stay an' hab a roas' 'tater an' sum co'n brade? No? Wal, you sure mus' come an' see me 'g'in soon. Good-bye, honey chile.)

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## A WOMAN WITH A HISTORY.

My dear sir, may I claim a few minutes of your time? A really important matter, I assure you, and regarding a subject I am convinced will interest you. Oh, thank you! I was sure you would be so kind and I shall endeavor to be brief. The fact is, I have a secret to reveal—one that is sure to excite your curiosity. You will be delighted to hear it? Oh, thank you so much. Your sympathy greatly encourages me. I have—I am—in short, my dear sir, I am—a woman with a history. Ah, I see by the kindly emotion expressed on your countenance that you are willing to listen to me. Thank you very much. Yes, a woman with a history, comprising a story of thrilling import, a recital of intrigue, crime,

and bloodshed. Ah, I do not wonder that your eyes shine with compassionate interest and your face grows pale with sympathetic emotion. My history is indeed a record to claim the attention of the most indifferent. It distresses me to trouble you, and only necessity induces me to approach you on the subject. And you are sure I am not encroaching upon your valuable time? Oh, thank you. Why I come to you you will soon understand. In short, my dear sir, my history is—is the thrilling, glowing, soul-inspiring account of the Russo-Japanese war, in two volumes, and sells at— What? You have an urgent call and must be excused? Oh, certainly, of course; but you seemed so interested I did think you would buy a copy.

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### A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

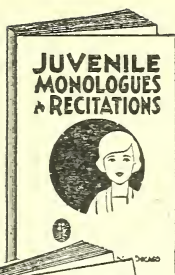
Oh, George, see that noble-looking man across from us. Hasn't he a splendid face? Do you know I've been studying phrenology and physiognomy lately, and it is dreadfully interesting. You don't know how nice it is to be able to read people's dispositions and characters from their faces and to get acquainted with them without ever speaking a word to them. Oh, my, yes, I can tell lots about them. My teacher says I am doing fine. Now, just look at the man over there. Hasn't he a commanding figure, expansive brow and benign expression? I can tell by looking at him that he follows some lofty occupation. You think perhaps he is a lawyer? No, he has too much benevolence for that. Lawyers are clever, but they are too scheming and many-sided to cultivate such a true, uplifted expression as that man has. What? The head of some

great corporation? No, George, I'm sure his work in life is something higher than mere money-getting. Corporations are heartless, merciless things that work for their own advancement, and I believe this man has the public good at heart. He has such a kind look that I don't think he would harm a fly.

Oh, you just ought to study phrenology and physiognomy, George. You would get so interested in it. I wish I knew just what this man does do. His face surely shows him to be good, noble, true, pure, and wise. You think he is an editor. Oh, dear me, no. Why, editors are always saying mean things about folks and printing mean jokes and making fun of women and backbiting public men and all sorts of things that are unkind and malicious. No, no, this good man lives on a higher plane. He may be a minister or a professor, but in either case he is a philanthropist. Oh, listen, George; that man just behind is going to talk to him. Keep still, and perhaps we'll find out what he does. Yes, he is talking about his business. Oh, George—did you—hear that? He says he is a—butcher, and does his own killing.

THE END.

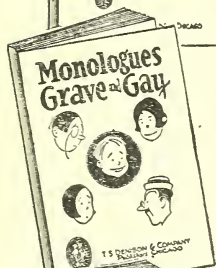




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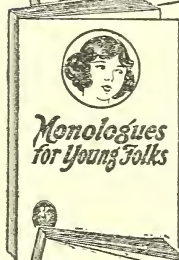
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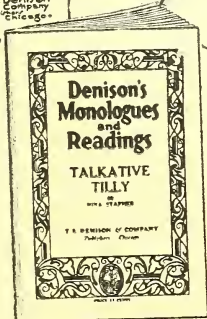
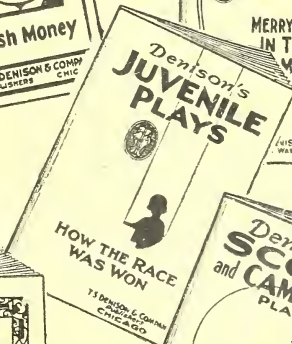
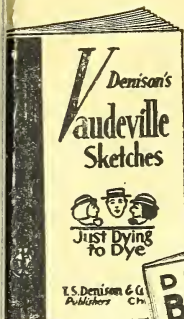
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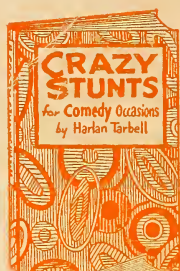


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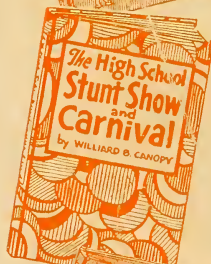
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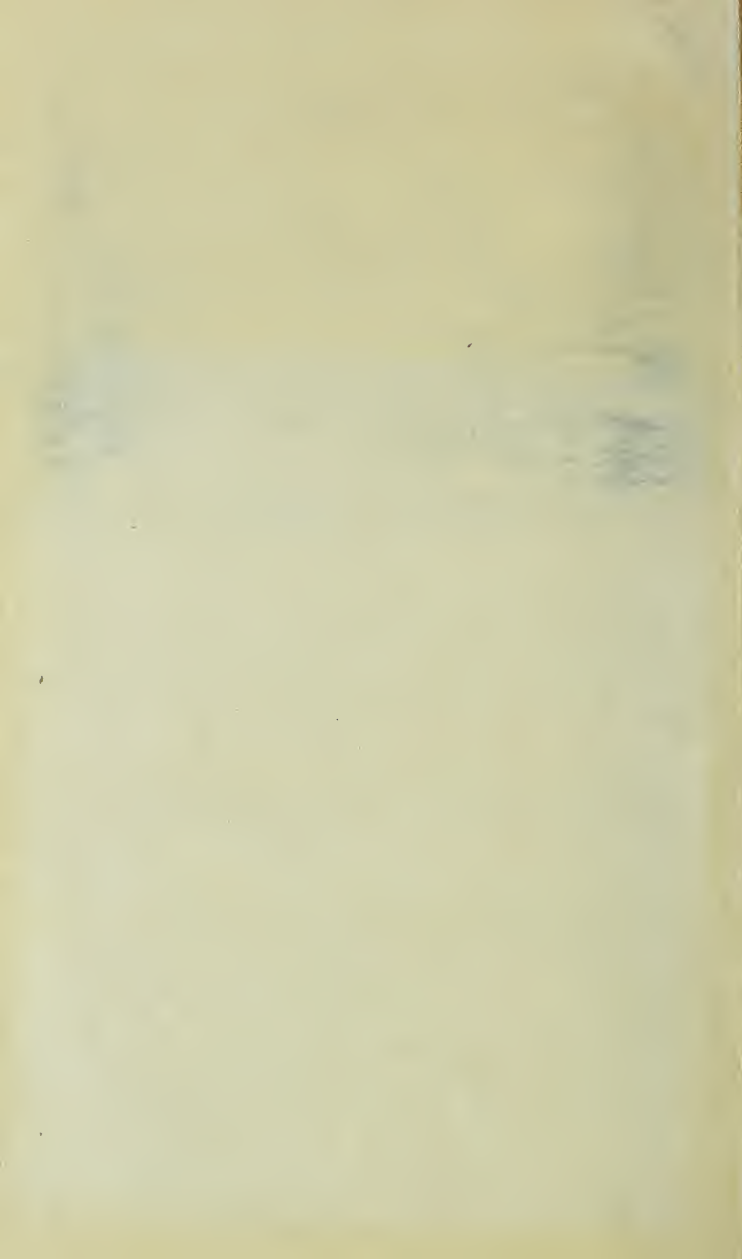
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